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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	361
NEW DEAL FOR THE HANGMAN	364
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	365
MIXED FEELINGS. By Sagittarius	366
THIS ENGLAND	366
SPAIN AND THE PACT	366
THE PIONEERS. By Mervyn Stockwood	367
PATERNAL COLONY. By Basil Davidson	367
THE MAN WE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO. By Ritchie Calder	368
RIEN DES DIEUX! By John Comley	370
LECTURE TO THE TROOPS. By Anthony Carson	371
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: A Political Play. By T. C. Worsley	372
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.* Bewick and Martin. By Basil Taylor	372
The Movies. By William Whitebait	373
Late Strauss. By Andrew Porter	373
Radio Notes. By William Salter	374
CORRESPONDENCE	375
From Jack Parsons; Richard Wollheim; Sydney M. Bushell; P. E. Frost; William Tysz; Martyn Goff; Alice St. John Baker-Jones; Hilde Spiel; David Stone.	
AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT: First Stop Reading! By V. S. Pritchett	379
Reviews by W. Empson; Elizabeth Monroe; Donald Davie; Noel Annan; Michael Redgrave; Anthony Harris; T. R. Henn; C. H. Rolph.	
MID-AUTUMN LIST OF BOOKS	390
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Walter Allen	395
THE FOOL'S SONG OF TOMORROW. By Ewart Milne	396
REVIEWS: The Horatian Response. By G. W. Stonier	396
New Novels. By Giles Romilly	396
Father of the House. By John Raymond	398
REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS	398
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	400
CHESS. By Assiac	400
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	402

The Next Chapter for Labour

THE general tenor of the Margate Conference has been as uncontroversial and as decorous as the Labour Party has ever managed. Mr. Deakin and his friends have quietly purged any "unreliable" elements from those parts of the Executive which they control: with equal quiet, they have been totally, indeed somewhat ignominously, rebuffed in their efforts to displace the Bevanites from the section which is elected directly by the rank-and-file. There is within the Labour Party a sense of acceptance and finality about all this—increased perhaps by Mr. Morrison's return to the Executive. The manner of his getting there may not have been a very pretty one; but at least there will be less incentive for his extremist supporters to use him as a rallying point of opposition to Executive decisions. A Correspondent writing from Margate calls all this the end of a chapter.

How then is the new chapter to open? The story must conclude, if Labour is not to face electoral disaster, with the re-establishment of an acceptable working coalition between Left and Right, between the constituencies and the trade unions. The background circumstances are more favourable to this than for some time. Margate has passed off without explosion and has brought home to all who had underestimated the tenacity of the rank-and-file the lesson that the Right of the party, for all the big battalions it commands, cannot destroy the Left: some of the more intransigent and rude of the trade union leaders are on the point of retirement: a policy statement has been adopted which, in spite of ambiguities and omissions, sets the Party reasonable objectives: and, for reasons which, no doubt, stem more from the Government's failure to press home its own peace initiative than from any special affection for the Opposition, the Tory Party is losing popular favour.

But to recite these favourable circumstances does not alter the fact that there is, as there always has been, a real division of opinion in the Labour Party. Recent arguments have sometimes concerned personalities—and have almost always been reported as if they did; but essentially they have been concerned with the speed of progress towards a collective society. Both sides, for better or worse, have now accepted in *Challenge to Britain* a commitment which conditions the rate of progress.

Economic independence, and with it the chance for Britain to play an honourably independent role in the world, is laid down as the all-embracing objective of policy: with that, and on a narrower front no less important, are affirmed certain reasonably precise targets in the field of social legislation—education, for instance, health, insurance (amended by the Conference to re-establish, in effect, the Beveridge principle of subsistence benefits) and subsidies. They amount to a restoration and, in some respects, an extension of Labour's original Welfare State. But these objectives, vaguely stated, have little meaning, as Professor Cole pointed out in a recent article in this journal, until they are arranged in order of priority. The next task, therefore, is to reduce *Challenge to Britain* to the dimensions of an election programme; and that means an order of priority among the actual jobs to be done. The details of all this need not be published in full, but they must be established in the minds of those who are to carry them out. And the final objectives, to be gained in five years of government, must be stated in public and accepted by the Party.

The Party Executive, Right and Left wings together, must now set about this task; and each decision of policy must be based on this most stringent of questions: "What method will achieve the objective we seek at the earliest possible date?" Mr. Morrison and his followers can scarcely claim that the method of 1950 and 1951 will do. This, by accepting rearmament and cold war as the first charge on our economy, and by seeking to finance them out of social service cuts and rising prices of essential goods, deepened our dependence on the U.S. and led to the progressive erosion of the Welfare State. Similarly, they can scarcely refuse to collaborate in new methods, including more public owner-

ship and closer control of investment, if, as we believe, these prove essential to the achievement of the practical objectives to which the Party is now committed.

Should there be no agreement on the shaping of an electoral programme, the Party would be missing an opportunity which may not soon recur. The divisions of opinion would remain unbridged, and the policy of the next Labour Government would be left wide open, dependent on who could win power within the Party. The personal struggle between Left and Right would be re-opened with all to play for; and the result, in the near future, would be electoral disaster.

U.S. Bases in Spain

Granted the assumption of military strategists, that expediency must override all other considerations, the entry of Franco into the ambit of Pentagon planning is a logical continuation of U.S. "defence" policy; its aims have involved the building up of Germany and Japan, and a "protective relationship" with Greece, Turkey and Formosa—not to mention the mutual assistance treaty with South Korea. Nevertheless, the new agreement whereby the U.S. purchases a lease of naval and air bases in Spain at the price of dollar aid, mainly for the re-equipment of Spanish forces, is in one sense more shocking than any of the steps previously taken in the name of a "policy of strength."

It is, of course, arguable that Franco is a more reputable ally than either Syngman Rhee or Chiang Kai-shek; and, indeed, it would be difficult to describe either the Greek or Turkish Government as liberal in our sense. The point is that by this new agreement Franco Spain is converted, by the unilateral action of the U.S., into a *de facto* member of the Atlantic Alliance. Spain, and the seas around Spain, have now become such an integral part of American planning for operations in Western Europe that the question whether Franco is formally associated or not with Nato is almost irrelevant.

That the military potential of Nato is enhanced by the pact may be true; the U.S. High Command will doubtless be delighted to have bases "farther back" than Chateauroux and La Rochelle. But let us be clear: this gain is being secured at the cost of effectively including a detestable dictatorship in an organisation whose original brave declaration was that it was an alliance of Governments to "safeguard the freedom, common heritage of civilisation of their people, founded on the principles of democracy." Fine words can rarely have had a more cynical gloss put on them by acts.

Russia's Reply

Hopes of Four-Power talks—or at least of a Lugano Conference this month—are scarcely heightened by the terms of Moscow's reply to the Note presented by the Western Powers on September 2. The Russians do not precisely reject the proposal that the German problem should be discussed by a meeting of Foreign Ministers; but they carefully hedge their acceptance with difficult conditions. They reiterate their view that the first step should be the formation of an all-German Government, including representatives from the Eastern Zone—a condition which, they must surely know, the West would decline to accept —and, though they no longer suggest that China should join in discussions on Germany, they propose, as an essential complement (perhaps even a condition precedent) to the talks on Germany, that there should be a Five-Power conference, including Communist China, to consider the whole question of the "lessening of tension in international relations."

In itself, this latter proposal has much to commend it: indeed, it falls within the spirit, if not the letter, of Sir Winston Churchill's conception of an approach to a general *détente*. But the Russians must be aware that Washington will decline flatly to take part in any immediate round-table conference with China. Moscow's line, therefore, is to keep the status of Germany in suspense, rather than have a German conference which would certainly break down—thereby weakening the argument that Western German rearmament ought to be deferred so long as it is not patently impossible to secure Four-Power agreement on the unification of the Reich.

Cold War for Ever?

Mr. Harold Stassen's latest report to Congress on East-West trade and related matters became public on the same day as the Labour Party Conference was due to debate an amendment to *Challenge to Britain* dealing with that very matter. At Margate, the Executive got its way, after Mr. Harold Davies had demanded a drastic change in policy and a great expansion of trade with China and East Europe, and Mr. Emrys Hughes had stressed the inhumanity of forbidding the export of essential medical supplies to the countries behind the Iron Curtain. Mr. Stassen, in his report, after giving various picturesque examples of smuggled supplies, went on to deny that any large expansion of East-West trade could be expected even if all the restrictions were withdrawn. He asserted that the decline in such trade was due largely to the autarkic policies of the Communist countries; but he also, while rejecting the demands for a total embargo on East-West trade, argued that as soon as possible Western countries ought to dispense with the need for it by building up their own sources of mutual supply. He appeared, in effect, to regard the Cold War as something that ought to go on for ever. In relation to China, he defended the U.S. policy of total embargo, and lamented the failure of other countries to follow the American example of dividing the world in two.

The Price of U.N. Loyalty

The announcement last week by Mr. Lodge that the U.S. delegation to the General Assembly has been instructed to propose a change in the hitherto accepted status of the U.N. Administrative Tribunal raises an issue of extreme importance. The matter arises over the cases of the twenty-one U.S. citizens who were dismissed by the late Secretary-General from the U.N. secretariat, on the grounds that there was doubt about their political loyalty to the U.S. The Administrative Tribunal (consisting of seven members nominated by the General Assembly) has been regarded as the final arbiter on administrative problems within the secretariat. Recently it has been considering the appeals of the twenty-one ex-employees against their dismissal. At the beginning of last month it announced its findings—that eleven of the twenty-one had been improperly dismissed. The present Secretary-General, not unreasonably, decided—as he is empowered to do—that he would pay compensation in lieu of reinstatement. It is hostile comment on this situation, and particularly on the fact that some of the American tax-payers' money seems likely to be used for the indirect subsidy of "a bunch of Commies," which prompts the Administration's decision.

The real issue is a very simple one. It is whether any Power should have the right to hound its nationals out of U.N. jobs, which they are satisfactorily fulfilling, on the grounds of disloyalty not to the U.N. (to which they have sworn an oath of loyalty), but to the political system of their country of birth. If the U.S. is successful in making its point of view prevail in the Assembly, the secretariat will soon become nothing more than a collection of seconded officials, each log-rolling for his government and knowing that his future depends on not offending his own native witch-hunters.

The Sands Run Out

As we go to press, it is clear, in spite of Foreign Office reserve, that great progress has been made in the Cairo talks towards reducing the area of disagreement between Britain and Egypt. An agreement seems to be taking shape, based on the following propositions: evacuation of British troops from Egypt within 18 months; maintenance of 4,000 British technicians to "assist" in the maintenance of the Suez Base for the duration of the agreement; re-entry to the base by British troops in the event of a threat of aggression, during the period of the agreement, against any of the Arab League countries. There is, admittedly, no agreement yet on the comparatively trivial issue whether the British technicians should wear military uniform. Moreover, both the nominal Command of the Base and the duration of the agreement remain to be finally determined. On the duration, the British have been basing their case on seven years, the Egyptians on three.

Since it really wants agreement, the British Government must realise that the logic of all the progress achieved so far underlines the recognition of Egyptian sovereignty. Insistence on the wearing of British uniforms, or on a Briton as nominal commander of the Base, is calculated to challenge the form of Egyptian sovereignty, without gaining anything substantial for Britain. The duration of the agreement seems at first sight a more real issue. Yet the four years difference between each side's target is capable of compromise. We believe that General Neguib might accept an agreement lasting five years (including the eighteen months of evacuation). If he were to attempt to concede more he would invite an extreme nationalist reaction in Egypt. If the British hold out for more, they run the risk of wrecking the talks.

Formosan Guerillas

The 58 Nations who supported the U.N. Resolution last April, to facilitate by peaceful means the evacuation of 12,000 Kuomintang troops from Burmese territory, will have to con-

sider their next move when the issue is raised again at this session of the Assembly. For the troops are still there in spite of continuous negotiations in Bangkok by the Four-Nation Military Committee. After four months, during which the Formosan representative and his Government adopted a variety of delaying tactics, the Burmese delegate withdrew and the Committee must therefore report complete failure. To the Formosan pretence that evacuation is a difficult operation, the Burmese Note to the Assembly replies that the repatriation of 30,000 Chinese from Indo-China was accomplished overnight. Burma's spokesman will also provide evidence to show that military supplies continue to arrive at Mongsat, the K.M.T. Headquarters in the Shan States, with the aid of General Chennault's airlift—which would be impossible without the tacit consent of the U.S. Government. Recent Burmese military operations were aimed at destroying this hostile airbase inside their country. Ludicrously, the Formosan Foreign Minister has now formally protested to the Burmese Government about this attack on guerillas, responsibility for whom the Formosans have so often disavowed.

Doctors and the Health Service

According to an investigating committee of the British Medical Association, just over half the B.M.A. doctors in the Health Service are reasonably happy and contented in their work. But if one reads the full account of the B.M.A.'s field survey and postal inquiry among general practitioners, it is abundantly clear that neither they (nor the B.M.A.) would think of turning the clock back. The report says much that is sensible about the relations of the family doctor to the hospitals, to the midwives, to the public health service and to the consultants. It reveals a state of affairs which needs improving and it reveals vividly the state of mind of the average G.P. He complains about not having access to hospital practice, although only about a third of G.P.s ever had any; about "trivial" consultations, although the investigator found that a smaller proportion than one-third of the surgery attendances could be described as unnecessary; about being called out late by exacting patients, although night-calls are fewer than before the N.H.S. Yet the average doctor is on friendly relations with his patients and likes to act as their guide, philosopher and friend—when he is not too busy. Patients, too, are more considerate. Under N.H.S. they go more to his consulting rooms instead of asking him to call. And the doctors admit that they can do more for their patients now that they do not have to worry about the size of their bills and the cost of medicaments, or about calling in a second opinion. In short, after six years (the survey was done last year) the N.H.S. seems in pretty good health.

Cutting House Costs

That houses cost too much, and that everything should be done to cut the cost, consistently with keeping up the quality, goes without saying. It is indeed a matter even more of saving labour and materials than of saving money; for we want more schools, hospitals, factories, and other buildings of many sorts as well as more houses, and we have neither the men nor the materials to provide nearly all we need. The economies discussed in the new Ministry of Works booklet, *Houses, 1953*, are concerned largely with changes in layout, intended to save land and road construction—a costly item. The Ministry's study of this problem has convinced it of the need for what it calls "integrated" planning designed to group dwellings, without loss of amenity, in ways that will minimise road frontage and also access roads. Many of the proposals are sensible, and should be acceptable to both local authorities and private estate developers. Even, however, if the new proposals were to achieve all that the Ministry hopes for, their effect on economic rents would not be very great. Mr. Marples, in expounding the Ministry's policy, did not claim more than a potential saving of £10 million a year, and (in terms of land) 6,000 acres.

PARIS

With Confusion to Climax

Our Paris Correspondent writes: When M. Mendès-France, making his first public speech since his appearance before the Assembly in June, said to the Radical Congress: "We're in 1788," he can scarcely have meant that there is going to be a revolution in France next year. His intention evidently was to emphasise that it is high time for a French New Deal. The level of production this year, he said, would be lower than last year; and, if nothing were done about it, it would be still lower in 1954. The State was tolerating abominable injustice; and the recent strikes had shown that the working-class would not stand "another swindle." Indeed, it is clear enough that France is approaching a climax—and not merely in economic matters.

M. Bidault must say something to Dr. Adenauer about the Saar. Soon, too, the Government will have to say Yes or No in the matter of E.D.C. and that supra-national political authority whose structure has been worked out at Strasbourg. Above all, a more definite line will have to be taken in the matter of a negotiated peace in Indo-China. But, in the approach to all these pressing problems, there is a pattern, among all the parties, of depressing confusion. In the Radical Party, the recent Congress showed that the divisions of opinion are as great as they were last year, though the majority tended to be unfavourable to E.D.C. Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, was reported last week as saying that he might accept E.D.C. commitments, provided that there were a supra-national authority, and that Britain took part in the European Army; but next day he was reported to have dropped the "British" condition. The Gaullists, on the other hand, are still dead against E.D.C., and the Ministers in the Laniel Government belonging to the former Gaullist group have threatened to resign if the plan is persisted in. The chances of E.D.C. in the Assembly are problematical; but if there is enough American pressure, it seems just possible that the Bidault-Pleven-Teitgen team, supported by most of the M.R.P., by some Socialists and by the Vichyites of the Right, may scrape together a small majority in favour of ratification.

As for Indo-China, M. Maurice Schumann's remarks to the U.N. Assembly were capable of more than one interpretation. His suggestion that "diplomatic negotiations" might be opened, during or after the political conference on Korea, with a view to ending "Communist aggression" in Indo-China, could mean that the French Government would like to negotiate with Ho Chi Minh, or it might mean that the French aim is simply to get the problem of Viet Nam "integrated" with that of Korea, and hence made more and more an American responsibility.

Whether there is any chance of a real New Deal in domestic affairs remains to be seen. At the Radical Congress, M. Faure gave the impression of being a prisoner of the conservative elements in the Cabinet; and the concessions which the Government seems likely to make with regard to the minimum wage will probably fall far short of even the moderate *Force Ouvrière* demand for 27,000 francs a month—not to mention the C.G.T.'s 31,000. With the support of M. Jouhaux and other non-Communist Trade Union leaders, M. Guy Mollet has been talking of a "Democratic and Social Front" with a programme which M. Martinet, writing in *L'Observateur*, regards as a basis for an eventual Communist-Socialist alliance, rather on Italian lines. But M. Deplat, the Minister of the Interior, is not alone in asking, as he did at Aix-les-Bains: "What on earth *is* the Front?" Whatever may be the feelings of the trade union rank-and-file, the shape of any working alliance between the Socialist and C.P. leadership is not yet distinguishable.

ROME

First Round of Strikes

A Correspondent in Rome writes: The effectiveness of the 24 hours' strike last week is still in debate. Confindustria, the employers' federation, claims that there were numerous defections from union ranks, especially in Central Italy; the unions assert that 90-100 per cent. of the workers stopped in the steel and textile industries, with particular reference to the Milan factories and the Fiat works in Turin. Since there were no pickets, these figures remain impossible to check; but the best estimate of the strikers' numbers is in the region of 6,000,000—the biggest stoppage since the critical days of 1948. Outside industry, public transport throughout the country was subject to a "token" stoppage of 2-4 hours; but essential services—international airlines, the national railways, the State-owned radio, and the A.N.S.A. news agency—continued to function. The emergency transport improvised in place of trams and buses in Rome did not carry armed policemen, as in 1948; a number of police jeeps prowled the streets, and a military march-past, with indulgently smiling bandsmen, amused the Via Nazionale for a short time during the morning. But there was no hint of violence in any of the main cities, and the discipline of the strike was as impressive as its unanimity.

So far, however, it has elicited little useful reaction either from the Government or from the employers. Dr. Costa, for the employers, has repeated Confindustria's refusal to negotiate; and other Right-wing spokesmen have attacked the strikers for "paralysing Italy's industry" and thus preventing essential "increased production." An odd comment on this argument is the fact that in the first week in August, "over-production" had necessitated dismissals from the Ilva works at Savona, the steel works at Terni, the Magona works at Piombino, and the Ducati works in Bologna; while further dismissals are still pending in certain textile factories. Meanwhile, Signor Di Vittorio, Secretary of the C.G.I.L., has again attacked the "agnosticism" of Signor Pella's Government, which continues to ignore the issue raised by the strike. As the champion of "hard money" and *laissez-faire*, the Premier is unlikely to intervene or object to the employers' refusal to grant any increase in the minimum wage. It remains to be seen whether the next two strikes—of gas operatives on October 2nd, and of agricultural workers on the 5th—will do anything to modify Signor Pella's attitude.

MARGATE

End of a Chapter

Our Correspondent at the Labour Conference writes: History had disposed, before the Conference, of some issues upon which the Labour leadership had been divided; there had been a negotiated peace on others, and the terms of settlement had been set out in *Challenge to Britain*. When, on the eve of Conference, the Executive published its emergency motion on foreign policy, specifically reaffirming the Morecambe decisions and accepting a good deal that had been in the mass of resolutions from local parties, it was clear that the struggle within the Party—despite the usual clash over nationalisation and workers' control between Mr. Deakin and the Left—was dying out because people were sick of fighting.

Herbert Morrison's withdrawal from the contest for Treasurer removed the last real point of friction. He was, it seems, genuinely undecided until Sunday. Some of the trade union leaders who had backed him, and who still wanted a showdown, were urging him to the end to carry the election to a vote. Alliances, they felt, should be honoured. Other advisers, however, were warning him of the dangers of this course. Perhaps, after all, he might lose—for no one was sure which way a narrow majority might fall. Perhaps he might win—and lose his hopes of party leadership in an unpopular victory at Arthur Greenwood's expense.

In such a setting, it was inevitable that this year's Conference should look for compromises. Some of those who might most effectively have criticised the weaker sections of *Challenge to Britain* were sitting on the platform and were collectively responsible for it. And by the time that 410 resolutions and 457 amendments had been condensed into manageable form, many delegates were forced to choose between *Challenge to Britain*—the growing belief that this might be the programme on which Labour would have to fight next year making them anxious for agreement—and composite amendments to it which were often clumsy and sometimes extreme. This was noticeable in the debate on the Cold War. Few delegates liked the insistence in the official document that East-West trade should be "within the limits of the Cold War." Fewer still agreed with Miss Herbison's stiff and out-dated defence of this. Yet the Conference chose to accept the document as it stood, rather than declare, absurdly, that Britain faced "economic ruination" as a result purely of American restrictions on East-West trade.

In sum, this Conference has been more concerned to ratify the treaty presented to it than to seek tactical victories which might disrupt the armistice, though the local parties showed their mood by standing firmly by their present representatives on the Executive. It must be added, however, that the spirit of new-found harmony worried some thoughtful delegates. Labour, they felt, could fight an adequate election campaign on this programme; it might, if it could now regain the initiative in foreign affairs, continue to increase the lead shown in the last two Gallup Polls; and it could possibly win a fairly narrow majority in any election held by mid-summer. What then? Would the story of 1950-51 be repeated? Would a moderate election manifesto, which would appeal to the cautious voter, give the next Labour Government a Socialist mandate to cope with any economic difficulties that the trade winds might blow across the Atlantic? The Conference has evaded these questions. It has been so busy writing "Finis" to a disagreeable chapter of Party history that it has given little concern to the chapter ahead.

New Deal for the Hangman

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment might have received a rather more cordial reception. Recall the atmosphere in which it was appointed: the bitter debates of 1948; the Government's embarrassment; the shuttlecock game between Lords and Commons with a Criminal Justice Bill that had nearly succeeded in abolishing the death penalty; the irrelevant clap-trap about demobilised Commando troops "trained to kill," the crime wave, young men afraid to join the police, old women afraid to open doors. It was, moreover, only eighteen years since a Royal Commission had recommended abolition. "We don't want that again; let's have one that will merely get what new evidence there is and summarise it without recommending much." The Gowers Commission was to "consider and report whether liability under the criminal law in Great Britain to suffer capital punishment for murder should be limited or modified."

These terms of reference did not specifically forbid the Commissioners to recommend abolition, though the House of Commons was told that modification, not abolition, was to be their concern. If they had decided to recommend that the only way to "modify" the death sentence is to abolish it, they would not have been the first Royal Commission to go beyond exact terms of reference; and there are indications in the Report that there might have been a majority for abolition. The Commissioners have done almost everything short of this. Their recommendations must have come as a surprise to those who thought they were effectively hamstrung, and, indeed, there are signs of pained astonishment in many of the press comments. What the Report says, in effect, is that you can have a few less executions by raising the eligible age from eighteen to twenty-one, scrapping or modernising the M'Naghten Rules, getting rid of the monstrous doctrine of "constructive malice" and the cruel law about survivors of suicide pacts, recognising that sudden homicidal anger can be provoked as often by words as by deeds, and giving juries the discretion to substitute a sentence of imprisonment for the sentence of death. If you find these proposals unacceptable, say the Commissioners, then all you can do is get rid of the death penalty altogether. What you cannot do, they seem to imply throughout their Report, is stand still; they use many phrases that treat the death penalty as being virtually under sentence itself.

The proposal to give juries the power to decide for or against the death sentence is the outstanding idea, the one real attempt to satisfy a genuine public demand for some kind of modification. This really suggests two separate trials—one to determine guilt and one to decide for or against hanging—and follows immediately (and rather oddly) on the Commissioners' rejection of any scheme for classifying murders according to degrees of gravity *by definition*, some cases being capital and some not. Their rejection is decisive; most of the "grading" proposals adopt premeditation as the test of heinousness, in total disregard of the fact that "mercy" killings, suicide pacts, and infanticide all involve premeditation.

Abolitionists have never been unanimous in thinking that "grading" by definition was either practical or desirable. The less technically-minded of them have hankered for it as at least a second-best, welcoming a reduction in the number of executions whatever the means, and sceptical that it could ever produce injustice. The sounder view was put to the present Royal Commission by the Society of Labour lawyers: "We think it only necessary to consider the many and diverse factors taken into consideration by the Home Secretary in forming the advice which he gives to the Crown, to appreciate at once that a decision which depends upon a consideration of so many factors . . . is not one which can be forecast by any verbal dexterity in the definition of the offence or of degrees of the offence."

And yet the proposal about "jury discretion," as it is called in the American States that allow it, must lead eventually to degrees of murder. To some extent they exist already within the departmental traditions of the Home Office: when the papers in a capital case are put before the Home Secretary—and it is done whether or not there is any petition for a reprieve—they bear already a departmental recommendation, arrived at by assessing the circumstances in terms of long practice and experience. If a jury, having found a prisoner guilty of murder, is similarly to assess at a second trial the circumstances that might save his life, a similar body of precedents will gradually be built up. The Report recommends, rather hesitantly, that a prisoner refused clemency by his jury should have the right to appeal against that refusal as well as against his conviction. So the Court of Criminal Appeal would, in effect, do what the legislators are considered unable to do, and lay down the precedents which defending counsel would urge upon juries in subsequent cases. The whole proposal is offered as more suitable to English needs than the Scottish doctrine of "diminished responsibility"; though the latter is commended as "working well in Scotland," and the rejection of it seems to amount to no more than a dislike of statutory definition.

No one can say that "jury discretion" would not work, because it works in countries where conditions are not greatly different from our own. Nor is the proposal entirely novel. When a woman found guilty of murder claims to be pregnant, and therefore immune from the death sentence, there ensues a separate little trial—by the jury that convicted her—under the Sentence of Death (Expectant Mothers) Act, 1931, to decide on medical evidence whether or not the death sentence should be passed upon her. And until 1948, when the procedure was made swifter, an "old lag" just convicted of crime but not yet sentenced could be tried by the same jury to see whether he ought to get "preventive detention" as an habitual criminal. But the Commissioners are undoubtedly right in saying that it is sufficiently novel to provoke exaggerated objections:

> They must be weighed not absolutely but relatively to the objections to the alternatives. It is not questioned that the liability to suffer capital punishment under the existing law is rigorous to excess. We cannot but regard it

as a reproach to our criminal law that this excessive rigour should be tolerated merely because it is corrected by executive action. The law itself should mitigate it.

There would be many details to be worked out, and one at least of the Commissioners' suggestions seems monstrous. The Judge, they say (para 559), should "tell the jury clearly, perhaps in terms to be prescribed by statute, that unless they are all agreed that there are circumstances which justify a lesser sentence, the sentence passed will be that of death." And again (para 553(d)): "In England a unanimous finding of extenuating circumstances would be necessary: in Scotland a majority verdict would be valid. This would accord with the traditional practice in each country. In the absence of such a verdict the prisoner would be sentenced to death." In England but not in Scotland, that is to say, one dissentient juror, possibly prejudiced or even mentally defective, could send a man to his death despite eleven who would save him. It would accord more with the English tradition if the unanimity were needed only when the decision was adverse to the prisoner.

The obsolescence of the M'Naghten Rules, by which a jury must at present decide whether a prisoner is insane, has seemed so clearly demonstrated by recent murder trials that it is not surprising to find the Royal Commission, with one dissentient, considering them "so defective that the law on the subject ought to be changed." But there seems less to be said for the recommendation (which has three dissentients) that the present Rules be abrogated, leaving juries to determine, *without guidance*, "whether at the time of the act the accused was suffering from disease of the mind or mental deficiency to such a degree that he ought not to be held responsible." Most of the recent difficulties, on the other hand, would be met by the Commissioners' alternative suggestion, that the Rules be so expanded as to require a jury to be satisfied that the accused (1) did not know the nature and quality of the act, (2) did not know it was wrong, or (3) was "incapable of preventing himself from committing it."

Public opinion seems slightly bewildered by the proposals, and still more by their press reception. "The Noose is Passed to You," Cassandra told *Daily Mirror* readers in minatory two-inch letters. "Would *You* like to be responsible for deciding whether a fellow-creature should live or die?" says the *News of the World* to its millions, who should know better than most of us that this is what every juror in a murder case may be doing already. Both those who support and those who abhorr the death penalty are already taking texts from the Report. The main shock seems to have been administered by the realisation that twelve cultivated persons have actually been considering, on behalf of us all, the undesirable circumstance that hanging "leaves the body with the neck elongated" and therefore unsuitable for return to the relatives (para 732); that although gassing by means of a mask would save the expense of a gas chamber, "applying it to a conscious man would be to invite struggling, involuntary perhaps and certainly ineffective, but distressing and unseemly" (para 736); that gassing, in any case, is "tainted by recent barbarous associations" (para 732); and that "an intramuscular injection needs no special skill: anyone can learn to give one in a few minutes" (para 738), so that there need be no falling off in the present steady flow of candidates for the post of executioner. All through the Minutes of Evidence, as in many parts of the Report, there is a refusal to accept direct responsibility for the killing, the most popular scapegoat being The Law, with a capital "L" and an existence of its own. We have now arrived at a point in civilisation where the doctors find it necessary formally to refuse the role of executioners.

London Diary

"No," they said, "you have got to have a *holiday*; and we don't mean that you should chase Tito in Yugoslavia or study the problem of collectivisation in China. We mean you should do *nothing*." At the time I was sun-bathing in hot sunshine in Essex. Obedient as ever, however, I drove the car westward. By the time Dorothy and I reached the Chilterns it was overcast. In Wiltshire it was spitting. Dartmoor was obliterated by mist. The last part of the drive suggested to me a new circle of Inferno which Dante never thought of because the faster the rain fell, the less the windscreen wiper would work. The lovely cove in Cornwall where we had decided to spend a fortnight bathing was drenched axle-deep in rain. The weather changed the day before we came away. As we returned through Dartmoor, the sun was out, hot and strong. We stopped and made a little detour to Princetown, noting, as I had before, cars parked within sight of the prison while the sight-seers munched their sandwiches, obviously the prey to an embarrassing conflict of emotions, silent, self-righteous and guilty. It was raining quite fast when we reached East Anglia.

* * *

The B.B.C.'s idea of unscripted discussion of the Margate Conference illustrated by extracts from the speeches was excellent. Their notion of getting an argument such as you would have in the lounge of the hotels when delegates meet at the end of the day was just right. That they did not achieve this result was due to the old mistake, which I have been hammering at in season and out of season for years. The way to get a useful and informal discussion on political issues is *not* to choose official spokesmen of the parties who cannot, in the nature of things, be altogether frank, and who must be mainly concerned with scoring party points. In this instance Mr. Leather, a slick Conservative M.P., used the old dodge of making flat misstatements which his opponent is bound to waste time in refuting if he is lucky enough, as John Strachey was, to have the facts at his finger-tips. He also had the smart idea of suggesting that all the intelligent experienced Labour people were, in effect, Conservatives, while all the critics from the floor were wild men who would in turn be disillusioned when Nye Bevan in office turned out to be as Conservative as the rest. This was a fair debating point which Strachey, who has a theoretic and almost academic mind, could have usefully discussed if he had not been a Party spokesman. The only way of getting the kind of discussion the B.B.C. needs is to choose broadcasters who have had much experience of Conferences and are inside the controversies, but who, while they broadly back one or other of the big Parties, are able to discuss their successes and defects with that candour which alone impresses—and illuminates—the public.

What is the significance of the comic incident of Mr. Tom O'Brien's visit to Sir Winston at Cap d'Ail? There was no betrayal of confidence; the Prime Minister does not even suggest it. The point, I take it, was that Mr. O'Brien, after correctly reporting that Churchill would still like Four-Power talks, added, no doubt also correctly, that the Premier had been at odds on this matter with the Foreign Office. Horrified, Mr. Butler hastily 'phoned the Prime Minister who authorised an official statement that the Tory Party is as united as the Labour Party is said to be at Margate. The truth is that Tom O'Brien was too near the knuckle. As the Gallup Poll, printed this week in the *News Chronicle*, reveals, the Tory Party's popularity has recently sharply declined. Sir Winston, Mr. Butler (and, perhaps, Mr. O'Brien himself) may well have believed that the reason for this was that the Prime Minister's peace initiative has been allowed to peter out.

* * *

Persian politics are about as personal and primitive as those of Tudor England, but I find it hard to believe that even in these barbarous days the new Government of Persia will actually hang Mossadeq. If he is put to death, much of the responsibility will be attributed, quite unfairly, to the British and American Governments which have been crowing with delight since the Shah's generals carried out their *coup d'état*. Mossadeq's crime has been to show rather more resolution and skill than more timid rivals who were as willing as he to curry popular favour by abusing the British and nationalising Anglo-Iranian oil. A rich land-owner, he is as anti-Communist as any member of his class, but in office he had to look for popular support where he could find it. The notion that the new Government will suddenly be able to disregard this anti-imperialist feeling is a delusion of some Western business men and diplomats. At most they may reasonably hope for a rather better bargain from a more subservient administration which is already talking to the public about the need of Western experts. America may also temporarily change the climate of opinion by pumping in large sums of dollars; but that depends on whether Washington has yet learned to do so in a way which benefits ordinary people and not merely black marketers and shysters of one sort or another. They have had plenty of experience in China, Greece, and elsewhere; it will be most interesting to watch their technique on this occasion.

* * *

T. C. Worsley has established himself as one of the outstanding dramatic critics of our day. Courageously, he is putting himself at the mercy of his fellow critics by writing a play which is to be produced on November 10 at the Bristol Old Vic. The origin of this enterprise was his highly successful B.B.C. play on "Ibsen in Italy." The leading actor on that occasion was Denis Carey, who is also a director of the Bristol Old Vic. He urged Worsley to try his hand at a straight stage drama. I understand that the subject is a fight between the older and the younger generation after the first world war, which Mr. Worsley sees as the dividing line between the individualistic past and the modern era of "mass communication." Young bulls gang up against the old bull; I don't know which wins.

* * *

Much that all of us want to say about the Moral Rearmament movement has been, I am glad to say, admirably put by those influential trade union leaders, Reuther and Deakin. I

recall a strenuous effort made in pre-war days to rope me into that profitable and snobbish fold of Buchman. Amongst other forms of polite persuasion I was asked to a week-end where, at the house of a well-known business man, a very popular writer described his sudden "change"—a change much for the worse, judging from his writings. A stockbroker's wife, who had hitherto done little except play bridge, had saved her home from disaster by learning from Dr. Buchman to offer a welcoming smile for her husband when he came home in the evening, and by providing better conditions for a servant who was threatening, like many others before her, to find a more considerate employer. A North of England business man solemnly told me that his profits had greatly increased since he was "changed"; as an example of the improvement, he explained how an employee, whom in the old days he would have sacked out of hand, had turned into his best salesman because he had taken the trouble to find out the cause of his incompetence and lend him the money to pay off an embarrassing debt. Everybody was sure that God's guidance was good business. Industrially and politically, the gist of Buchmanism was to support Hitlerism and to persuade trade unionists that it would pay them best never to strike or do more than speak kindly to their employers about possible wage increases or better conditions. One of the officers of the Movement, whom I tackled about its finances, solemnly assured me that their expenses, even though they were staying in the best hotels, were always provided by God, because it always happened when they were wondering how to pay the bill that God (through the agency of some wealthy friend whom they happened to inform of their need) always came to the rescue in the finish. The least pleasing aspect of this comfortable religion is its snobbery. I have always remembered the story of the lady who said she was so grateful to Dr. Buchman "because he introduced her both to Christ and to the Queen of Rumania."

* * *

If you don't happen to know the following quotation, it is possible from internal evidence to guess who wrote it.

> There is no nation, numerically as great as China, whose customs and modes of life are so generally common to all parts of their vast empire. To me they are the most remarkable race on earth. And I have always thought and still believe them to be the great coming rulers of the world. They only want a Chinese Peter the Great or Napoleon to make them so. They have every quality required for the good soldier and the good sailor, and in my idle speculation upon this world's future I have long selected them as the combatants on one side at the great Battle of Armageddon, the people of the United States of America being their opponents. The latter nation is fast becoming the greatest power of the world. Thank Heaven, they speak English, are governed by an English system of laws, and profess the same regard that we have for what both understand by fair play in all national as well as in all private business.

The author? And the date? I'll let you into the secret next week.

* * *

In the Sun Lounge of the Winter Gardens, where the Labour delegates took coffee between truce agreements, sat a morose Vicky. He was gazing at a marquee which stood outside the windows, and at a group of Indian visitors who had just arrived at the Conference. A friend, supposing that Vicky was recollecting an emotion in tranquillity, asked him if he had some cartoon in mind. "Not at all," said Vicky. "I'm just waiting for them to begin exchanging the prisoners-of-war."

CRITIC

MIXED FEELINGS

Rhodesian political leaders described the meetings of the Queen Mother with mixed races as painful memories.—*News item, September 26.*

Visiting Royalty's tour is ended,
  Everything ends in a royal row;
Vain repining clouds memories splendid—
  Nothing, alas, can be altered now!
  Though society made its bow,
  Social leaders pass sleepless nights,
High officials are much offended—
  Blacks commingled for once with Whites!

Indiscriminate invitations
  All remember with poignant pain;
Interference with race-relations
  Only aggravates social strain.
  In the dawn of the gracious reign
  Ghastly errors should not be made,
Mixing Whites in Colonial nations
  With the subjects of darker shade.

Royalty's equal condescension
  Bathes mixed races in gracious rays.
Prudent Government intervention
  Should present to the regal gaze
  Whites and Blacks on alternate days.
  Native subjects should be held back
Since Colonials hate to mention
  Britain's Empire's mostly Black.

Repercussions will be yet graver
  On the route of the migrant Crown,
Since the smile of Imperial favour
  Quite eclipses the public frown.
  How can Africans be kept down
Who with Whites share the Royal grace?
If Colonial watchdogs waver,
  What becomes of the ruling race?

Pained heart-searching brings no solution,
  Whites are victims of unkind fate;
Owing to natural distribution
  African subjects predominate.
  Law and custom may segregate,
  But Britain's Sovereign like the sun
(Under the British Constitution)
  Shines alike upon everyone.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Tall, sturdy Sussex farmer, Mr. Arthur Pattenden . . . told Judge F. K. Archer, Q.C., about his labourers. . . . "When one of my men tells me anything, I know it is the truth, because we have no union men at all on my farm."—*Sussex Daily News.* (G. E. Wilmshurst.)

Southampton dock worker Joe Simms, who has twice "walked" across the River Thames, once carrying a blonde dancer in his arms, wants to cross the river for the third time—walking backwards!—*Southern Daily Echo.* (J. P. Arthur.)

The nicest thing about living in Eaton Square, said Mrs. Goalen, is that "simply everyone lives here."—*News Chronicle.* (Paul Vaughan.)

Head teachers in Nottinghamshire are to be asked to discourage pupils from taking knives to school.—*Daily Mail.* (J. M. Pearson.)

Mr. Edmund Blunden, the 56-year-old British poet, arrived today to take up the post of professor of English at Hong Kong University. He said: "I have reached a point in my own evolution when I humbly feel that London has nothing left to offer me."—*News Chronicle.* (Mary Bright Rex.)

The Misses Mills-Palmer, experienced cat sitters are prepared to take winter engagements, November to April. Excellent references.—Advt. in *The Cat.* (R.S.)

Spain and the Pact

(By a Correspondent just back from Madrid)

To judge by the enthusiastic comments in the Falangist press—and the Falange owns more than forty newspapers in Spain—the conclusion of the pact whereby the Spanish Government is to receive 225 million dollars from the U.S., in return for a twenty years' lease of strategic bases, is a triumphant counter-stroke to the victory of the Traditionalists a month ago, when they secured the signature of the Concordat with the Vatican. By that instrument, which made Spain as near as no matter a theocratic State, the Church obtained jurisdiction almost completely over education and the marriage contract, and secured complete exemption of all Church property from taxation, while the privilege, traditionally enjoyed by Spanish monarchs, of nominating Bishops was formally ceded to the Vatican. The Traditionalists were cock-a-hoop; the Falangists downcast. In a speech commemorating the Battle of the Ebro, Fernandez Cuesta, Secretary-General of the Falangist Party, spoke bitterly of the revolution being "smothered."

The struggle between the two contending forces in the political pattern of Franco Spain—the Traditionalists and the Falange—dates from the Civil War itself. When the Generals revolted in July, 1936, they had two slogans—unification of the country against the Catalan Separatist Movement, and vindication of religion against atheist Republicanism. They soon realised that they must have, as well, a political programme which would secure them some popular support against the "class appeal" of the Republican Left. They found it in the Falange, at that time an insignificant body of *Señoritos* who had adopted Mussolini's social and economic reforms together with some of the Left's vocabulary. With Franco in power, the Falange was at first supreme. Copious social legislation was passed regulating working hours and the organisation of social insurance and industrial syndicates. It looked at the time as if Spain would become a corporate State on strict Fascist economic lines.

The Traditionalists, however, were biding their time; and their much simpler aspirations—a regime of undiluted moral and political reaction—were always incompatible with the pseudo-reformist programme of the Falange. As the tide of World War II began to turn against the Axis, the Traditionalists began to exercise increasing influence on the Caudillo. Serrano Suñer, the pro-German Foreign Minister, was ousted, and Franco started to flirt with the idea of establishing a Regency. The decisive moment, however, came when the Allies, after the war, failed to intervene in Spain against the dictatorship. As soon as it was clear that Franco had nothing to fear from foreign intervention, the regime won many new "moderate" supporters from the ranks of the professional and commercial middle classes. Some of them hoped that they might gradually work for a restoration of constitutional monarchy. All were anti-Falangists. In short, the Traditionalists, now led by Martin Artajo and Ruiz Jimenez, were strengthened by a marked drift of the Centre—mainly disillusioned Republicans—towards toleration of Franco's Government.

On the other side, though the ranks of the Falange have swollen numerically through its control of trade unions and youth organisations, Falangist prestige has been steadily falling ever since the war. The social reforms have meant nothing; the Falangist bureaucracy has been guilty of gross inefficiency and corruption, and their handling of labour questions has been so inept

that many "syndicated" workers have joined the independent Catholic Hermandades organised by the Church. Yet, with Spanish politics polarised between increasingly unpopular Falangists and Traditionalists, opposition to the Falange has meant drifting into the camp of people whose only conception of government—whether under Franco or a restored monarchy—is to put a stop to all social reform, and to preserve the interests of the land-owning class with the endorsement of an all-powerful Church.

When the negotiations with the U.S. were started two years ago, the hope of the Falangists and their "purist" Secretary, Fernandez Cuesta, was that American dollars would assist them to give some sort of reality to the social and economic reforms which they professed to want, and would thus restore their waning influence against the Traditionalists. For the Falange, however, the pact now concluded has probably come too late. Even if the amount of economic (as opposed to military) aid—little more than one-third of the total—were sufficient to finance any worth-while reconstruction in Spain, the position of the Traditionalists, reinforced by the Concordat, is now so strong that it is safe to forecast that they, and not the Falangists, will have the controlling say in the spending of the money. The dollars will buttress Franco himself: he has less reason than ever to fear intervention against him from abroad. And the regime which American policy is thus entrenching in Spain is a regime of unqualified clerical reaction.

The Pioneers

As a member of a City Council, I have often been present at debates on the virtues and vices of Comprehensive schools. The arguments have too often been bedevilled with politics, and it has been hard to assess the case on its own merits. I was, therefore, glad to find, when I was recently in the Isle of Man, a Comprehensive school on my doorstep. At last, I thought, I could see for myself.

Douglas High School has about 850 boys, with an average intake of 180 a year. Of these, in other circumstances, about 45 would have gone to a Grammar school, and 25 to a Technical school. The boys have a test while they are at their primary school and, according to the results, they are divided in seven streams. But,—and this, I think, is an immensely valuable feature of the system,—there is nothing hard and fast about the divisions. Not only is there a re-grading test during the autumn term, but, for the first year, the streams are kept more or less fluid, so that changes can easily be made. This means that the boy who is a late-starter, and has shown little academic bent at the time of the original test, can, if he develops sufficiently, find his proper level in another stream. This removes most of the parents' fears, and it enables the boy to realise that his fate is not sealed by a single examination.

For the first two years the boys are in a separate building, a junior school in which all types mix freely; and at the age of thirteen they move to the senior school, where the stratification, though not final, is more pronounced—though not so much as if they were in separate schools. The different streams still meet for games and out-of-school activities, and personal friendships transcend scholastic inequalities. During the summer holidays, for instance, the headmaster took fifty boys to Switzerland. The party did not divide itself into three sections; the common factor was membership of Douglas High School.

Although school uniform cannot be made compulsory, most boys wear it, and grants are available for necessitous cases. The psychological effect is wholesome because it helps to break down the barriers which vitiate the old system—one sort of dress for the Grammar and Technical boys, and any old thing for the Secondary Moderns. In fact, what most impressed me about the experiment was the attempt to eradicate the "we—they" attitude which poisons our social life. Of course there are bound to be differences, and no intelligent person wants to foster a dull equality. But a right relationship between boys with varying potentialities is fostered when they know themselves to be all members of one community.

A problem which has yet to be solved is due to the fact that the boys in the Modern streams leave at fifteen, whereas the others, a minority, remain at school until they are seventeen or eighteen. As the headmaster must depend upon the older boys for disciplinary and administrative purposes, it inevitably means that the boys in the Grammar stream fill the positions of responsibility. This can create difficulties because the rumbustious Modern boy, in his last year at school and shortly to earn his living, does not always welcome the attentions of the prefects. The difficulty will be largely surmounted when the normal leaving age is raised to sixteen. Meanwhile the school authorities are doing what they can to encourage the younger boys to accept responsibility in classes, games and out-of-school activities. Another snag arising from the disparity in the ages of leaving is that some boys in the Grammar stream who ought to pursue an academic course and, perhaps, go to a university, become dissatisfied when their friends achieve apparent emancipation, with good wages and evenings free from homework, at the age of fifteen. It is a leakage which must be checked.

I asked the Headmaster to deal with the two difficulties which are most frequently cited by the critics—the sixth form syllabus and the alleged drag of the dull boy on the bright boy. It is asserted that unless the school is unpleasantly large, perhaps two thousand, it is impossible to have a satisfactory sixth form. But this is not the experience at Douglas. There are thirty boys in the sixth, about twenty specialising in science and maths, and the rest in history and languages. Ten or a dozen find their way to the universities, some of them with open scholarships.

The dull boy does, of course, constitute a problem, but there are three special classes for the D stream under one supervising master, who has the help of three assistants. Perhaps the Manx education committee is more generous than some. The staff totals forty-two, which is a ratio of approximately one in twenty. But, given this ratio, the needs of the backward can be met without the brighter boys suffering. I was interested to learn that each backward boy is treated as an individual problem with a case history, and about 10 per cent. sooner or later leave the D stream for other streams.

I did not press the Headmaster about the reaction of the staff to the experiment. But, human nature being what it is, I imagine the older ones, who had been accustomed to the more familiar methods, must have had some misgivings when the change was made. It cannot have been easy for men who had spent many years in one academic milieu to find themselves pitchforked into a new situation. On the other hand, the man who has a gift for teaching will adapt himself, even if he has to deal with boys whose academic potentialities are different from those to which he has been accustomed. And I was interested to learn that at least one sixth form master had asked to take some classes on the Modern side.

And what of the reactions of the boys? Perhaps it's too early to say. When the change-over was made in 1946, there were obvious difficulties. Misunderstandings and suspicions cannot be ironed out in a day. But it is significant that boys, who have had to leave the island for the mainland because of their fathers' temporary employment and have subsequently returned, have, almost without exception, stated their preference for Comprehensive education. I was not surprised when the Headmaster told me that there was a marked difference in manner and speech on that part of the Modern stream which has grown up in the school, and those who were "taken over" at the age of thirteen or fourteen, when the school came into existence seven years ago. To me the most important fact is that, in the future, the men who staff the offices, professions, trades and workshops in Douglas will share a common experience and realise themselves as members of a single educational family.

The critics may argue that the Isle of Man is a special case and that the conditions on the mainland are different, and more complex. Perhaps. But the Manx experiment, although in its infancy, deserves our attention as a pointer. I am not suggesting that it can be transplanted without modifications, but I do believe that we should appreciate the steps which have been taken to create a cohesive community. We shall never achieve a wholesome democracy so long as we perpetuate educational and cultural stratifications at the age of eleven. Douglas is a small place, but, to its credit, it has grasped a big idea.

MERVYN STOCKWOOD

Paternal Colony

[The first of Mr. Basil Davidson's articles on Swaziland appeared in our issue of September 19.]

About two hundred miles east of the Witwatersrand the flat horizons of the high veld begin to change. Mountains pierce them, range piled on range, where Nelspruit and Lydenburg stand watch upon the narrow roads which climb northward into the great game reserve of the Kruger Park, a wilderness bigger than half England, and Barberton squats beneath the shadow of the Swazi hills. Abruptly the car begins to bump, for the tarmac is behind you now. A signboard hung between low blue sky and cactus points vaguely eastward: *To Swaziland*. This high veld runs slap into the foot of the Swazi hills. These climb steeply to six or seven thousand feet and then, abruptly, fall away to the bushveld which borders the Indian Ocean. Along the top of this sharp watershed there is now in progress what are certainly the biggest programmes of afforestation that Africa has seen. Broad tongues of pinewood lick darkly across these barren uplands where the trees are five or six years old (and therefore ten or fifteen feet high); and elsewhere the hills are poxed with the pitted mark of trees set down within the past two or three years. Altogether, on the Swazi side of the border, there are about 300 square miles of afforestation.

These schemes are good for Swaziland. Swazi uplands were formerly owned by Transvaal sheep-farmers who used them only for winter grazing, yielding the country nothing, but gradually eroding the shallow upland soil. Tree planting here, judiciously managed, should stop erosion but should also help to regulate the flow of Swaziland's big rivers, the Usuto, Umbaluzi, and Komati. Some thousands of Swazi peasants are learning forestry at a basic wage of two shillings a day (with a penny a day rise for each six completed "tickets," a "ticket"

being thirty days' work). This is higher than the wage the European farmer pays. A minority of these will find semi-skilled employment in saw and pulp mills; others will drive trucks and tractors; and all may rely upon a steady future. "This project," said C. S. Hubbard, director of the Colonial Development Corporation's Usuto Forests (pines over an area of 170 square miles), "was launched with a greater sense of forestry idealism than anything I've known of. There is nothing in the Union comparable with this." Mr. Hubbard should know what he is talking about: he chose to work for the C.D.C. in Swaziland rather than become Director of the Union's Forestry Department.

It is not, of course, all idealism. Pines have a "cutting cycle" of thirty years, from planting to clear-felling, and in that time a well-managed acre of pines should yield a gross revenue at current prices of about £450. Usuto Forests should net annually about one million pounds gross when the forests are in full development. Peak Timbers Limited, the other big forestry project, will have about 24 million trees within a few years from now, and its revenue will be of the same order as that of Usuto Forests. Initiated by businessmen from Johannesburg, Peak Timbers is the property of a group in which Barclays Bank is a principal, with Baring Brothers and other banking interests as their junior partners, together with a Danish syndicate which has supplied £200,000 of the large initial capital that was required. By 1958, when thinning of trees will begin in a big way, Peak Timbers expects to have saw mills capable of dealing with seven million cubic feet a year, and 12 million cubic feet by 1963. As a long-term investment, these projects are intelligent and profitable. In Usuto Forests the Colonial Development Corporation looks at last to have struck lucky.

Forestry is not C.D.C.'s only interest in Swaziland. Down in the low veld, towards the Mozambique border, Tommy Threlkeld (a former Director of Agriculture for Swaziland) manages a big rice-growing project which looks as if it may shortly make good an unfortunate beginning. This property of 100,000 acres was acquired in 1950 for £640,000 from a company called Anglo-Vaal. The idea is to irrigate some 40,000 acres by canals leading out of the Komati river, and to use this irrigated area mainly for rice and sugar, with the balance of the property for pigs and cattle. Threlkeld's drive and energy have already cleared 3,500 acres and irrigated 1,500 of them since April 1952, and cropped from these about 1,000 tons of high-quality rice, most of which has gone to the Union. With any luck Threlkeld hopes to break even on expenses by the end of this year; and in 1958 he means to have the main canal finished. Then he may get annual crops of as much as 8,000 tons of rice and 50,000 tons of sugar. "There are very few places in South Africa," he thinks, "where conditions seem so favourable—whether for land, soil, or water." All this property, be it remembered, was bush where last year nothing thrived but zebra and impala, wildebeest and bad snakes.

Mr. Pierce at Kubuta has gone in for bananas with good success, and so have his neighbours. Above Bremersdorp, in the middle veld, a private company is planting for tung oil with good hope of regular profit. Prospectors have confirmed there is plenty of coal and iron ore, if only Swaziland could build a railway line to get it out. Near the summit of the western mountains, the Havelock Asbestos Mine, property of Messrs. Turner Newall Ltd., is working 24 hours a day. There are useful deposits of diaspore—a furnace refractory—and of columbite, urgently needed now for the making of jet engines; and a London syndicate associated with Union Carbide of U.S.A. has lately acquired a concession to work for columbite over eight square miles. Dr. Hodge of Bethlehem Steel has been looking at the iron ore possibilities, but seems to have lost interest for the time being because the mineral rights position is chaotic. Administration is now trying once again to force concessionaries either to work their concessions or forfeit them. At the moment, private concessions over mineral rights number 35, most of them for another 37 years or so, but four of them in perpetuity.

In all this busy and profitable development, what about the Swazis? What do they get out of it? The answer, alas, is that they get very little out of it. They get more out of it, of course, than they would under South Africa's dispensation; on the other hand, they get much less out of it—very much less—than they would if Swaziland really belonged to the Swazis, as the treaty of Protection assumes it does. Their system of government may be an effective form of tribalism; but this form of tribalism, although it sits easily upon them and leaves them to live their own lives as they have always lived them, also prevents them from developing towards any genuine participation in Swaziland's wealth.

The facts suggest that Swaziland is a well-run, kindly, paternalist dictatorship where the business of colonial exploitation is conducted on efficient but not oppressive lines. Over half the administration's revenue (about £800,000 in 1952–53) is provided by income tax levied on the three or four thousand Europeans who live here. Thus the Swazis are protected from White rapacity and invasion. But they are also protected from effective access to the modern world. Government policy leaves industrial and co-operative initiative to the Europeans, so that the pattern of cheap African labour and permanent White supremacy reasserts itself here, albeit humanely, just as much as it does in less congenial territories. Swaziland illustrates good colonial administration—perhaps better than any other in Southern or Central Africa—but it is still colonial administration, essentially imperialist, under which the great natural riches of this country can be developed *only* at the price of colonial super-profits. The C.D.C.'s initiative makes only a partial exception to this, for the profits of these C.D.C. projects will not stay in Swaziland. The successful C.D.C. projects have to pay for the unsuccessful ones; and these are many.

It is hard to see, for instance, why Messrs. Turner Newall (a big holding company registered in London) should pay a base metal royalty to the Swaziland Government of only 2 per cent. on its big asbestos workings, when other base metals must bear a royalty of 2½ per cent. I do not know what the profits of Swaziland asbestos may be, but Turner Newalls showed a profit of 20 per cent. in 1951, which would scarcely indicate poverty. It is hard in any case to see why the base metal royalty should be as low as 2½ per cent. (when the United States, for instance, offers a 100 per cent. bonus on all columbite, which makes columbite worth £3,000 a ton): the idea that "capital would otherwise be scared away" is patently false to the situation. Thus base mineral royalties in 1952–53 were estimated to produce only £40,000—or *less than half* the taxes paid by Swazi peasants from their meagre earnings. Company tax is only 25 per cent.—much lower than mining company tax in the Union, for example, and a good deal lower than any company tax in Northern Rhodesia. This is a situation which the British Government ought to change without delay. There is absolutely no justification for allowing White investors to exploit the Swazis at this rate.

Compared with the Union of South Africa, Swaziland is as Switzerland was to Nazi Germany; for all that, it is still a country where the attitudes of a pre-industrial past are paramount, yielding Africans no more than tolerant survival but Europeans a life of idle wealth and easy plenty. "Nonsense! The Swazis are quite contented—they couldn't go in for mining, anyway. . . ." No doubt. But the proper task of Britain in Swaziland is not to assist the White investor to profit exceedingly, but to protect and advance the Swazi nation; and in our day the protection and advancement of the Swazi nation cannot any longer be limited to the coddling of tribal ways of life. Sooner or later the Swazis will want to assert their right to equality of opportunity in the modern world, not the tribal world. It is up to Britain, unless trusteeship is mere hypocrisy, to show them the way; and, by spending *in Swaziland* the wealth that Swaziland yields, to make that way as smooth and as short as possible.

BASIL DAVIDSON

The Man We Wouldn't Listen To

IT looked like a basinful of blackberry jelly. "No," said Professor Chain, "I wouldn't lick it, if I were you. We don't know its properties yet. All we know is that it is a pigment produced by a micro-organism, an *actinomycete*. But there is plenty here to enable us to find out. Not like the old days, eh?"

The old days, which Ernest Chain and I were recalling in the new magnificence of the International Institute of Chemical Microbiology in Rome, belong to history. They were the days, twelve years ago, when he and his colleagues at Oxford produced the first traces of penicillin and changed the character of the war against disease. With the help of a dog-bath, a stirrup-pump, a set of bed-pans, milk churns and a milk-cooler borrowed from a dairy, they could produce, in a week, enough penicillin to cover a pin's head. With such tiny fractions, they had to do their chemical assays, their animal experiments and accumulate enough for Howard Florey and his wife to treat the first human case. This was a policeman who was dying in the Radcliffe Hospital of generalised septicaemia. Unless the new drug was as effective as the laboratory tests had suggested, nothing could save him. The response to the first injections was dramatic: the patient rallied and was making good progress. Then the scant supplies gave out, and he died.

Chain has never forgotten that policeman. Because he protested at the time that experiments with microgrammes had no scientific virtue, he made himself unpopular in certain academic quarters; and the British authorities never gave him the recognition which he deserved. The Nobel Prize Committee put the record straight when it divided the award between Fleming, who noted the penicillin effect in 1928; Chain, who discovered penicillin as the world knows it today; and Florey, who established it clinically. Fleming, the Scot, and Florey, the Australian, were knighted, but Chain, the naturalised refugee from Hitler, got nothing.

The world is now left with a legend, which belongs to a J. M. Barrie whimsey rather than to history—how a little bit of fluff floated in through the window of Alexander Fleming's laboratory alongside Paddington Station and settled on a dish where Fleming was breeding a colony of germs. Presto! There was penicillin. The truth was that Fleming, the trained scientific

"I felt, to my surprise, the heart begin to swell under my fingers, and to pulsate vigorously."

"A doctor should always tell the truth; he should not hide it, even to give the patient a false sense of security, for the patient is entitled to know the truth."

•

"He (Hindenburg) said, 'Chief, you have always told me the truth. Tell me, is the old man with the scythe waiting for me?' The answer to this was difficult. 'No, your Excellency,' I replied, 'but he is roaming round the house.' (Hindenburg died four days later)."

•

"I had fitted him with an articulated 'Sauerbruch-arm' and had expected to see him return to his vocation. But now it came out; only a complete man can be a priest. I had to go as high as the Pope himself before my patient could say Mass again."

•

"The twenty-year-old daughter of a Russian General arrived . . . one of her legs eight inches shorter than the other. Papa remained, standing to deliver an impressive speech in Russian, not a word of which I understood, and then sat down. The interpreter got up and said, 'That leg must be lengthened. The General says it is an order.'"

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observer, made the world his debtor by not throwing away that spoiled plate, by recognising that around the mould was a moat in which no germs were breeding, and by realising that the mould was exuding something which inhibited their growth. He never isolated the substance and he never realised what is the epochal quality of penicillin—that it can attack the germ within the living body.

In the next ten years, Fleming's "observation" was almost forgotten until re-discovered by Chain, who was searching scientific literature in the Radcliffe Library, Oxford, for information on *lysis*—the phenomenon by which germs are dissolved or inhibited. When he read Fleming's account, he realised the profound significance which had escaped the original observer and others in the meantime. In fairness to them it should be noted that the scientific climate had changed in the interval: the discovery of the sulpha drugs, in the mid-'thirties, had reminded medical research-workers of Ehrlich's demonstration (with *Salvarsan*) that a drug could, in fact, seek out and destroy a particular germ, without damaging its human host. So Chain read Fleming's paper with a new insight. As a biochemist, his concern was to isolate and stabilise the substance. With the support of his professor, Howard Florey, he began his experiments. The result the whole world knows.

It was not just the frustrations of those try-out days which made Chain impatient. The Americans, with their resources of microbiological technology, which Britain could not muster, stepped in. They produced deep-culture methods by which the moulds could be grown in great vats of corn-steep liquor. This was patented in the U.S.; and Britain, whose three scientists made their discovery freely available to the world, has been paying royalties on penicillin to America ever since. Chain pleaded (or perhaps "insisted" is the right word) that Britain should immediately establish an institute of microbiological chemistry and maintain its place in the science and technology of this vast new field of possibilities—far greater than the development of penicillin or of the other antibiotics which it suggested.

Micro-organisms can, by biological processes, produce results which the chemist cannot emulate—at least on an economic basis. (The exact chemical synthesis of penicillin is known, but the mould does the work so much more efficiently that an artefact would be superfluous). Most of the vitamins—including the most potent biological factor yet discovered, B_{12}—can be produced from micro-organisms, and often much more cheaply than by organic chemical methods. The possibilities of microbiology are, indeed, so vast that they may determine the future of feeding the world's population. Yeasts, for instance, are a prolific source of protein and there are the potentialities of the *chlorella*, the most efficient process known for converting the sun's energy into food. It was Chaim Weizmann's "bugs" which by fermentation produced acetone and averted a First World War crisis, while his fermentation process for the production of butadiene from maize, expedited synthetic rubber production in World War II.

It was with this knowledge and foresight that Chain, in vain, urged the British authorities to set up an institute. Even on the score of immediate interest—of "cashing-in" on the discovery of penicillin—he was right. How right, is apparent from the fact that last year the American drug industry produced penicillin and other antibiotics to the tune of £230 millions, while the drug industry of Britain, where the discovery was made, produced similar drugs to the value of about £14 millions. The British output is a sixteenth of the American; and, of that, at least one-third represented American antibiotics manufactured here under licence. Of the five main antibiotics in general use—penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin, terramycin and chloromycetin—four were discoveries of American microbiologists.

Chain got his institute—but not in Britain. The Italians listened to him and had the imagination which the British authorities lacked. Under the powerful patronage of Dr. Dominic Marotta, Director-General of the Istituto Superiore di Sanita in Rome, a research chair was created for Chain, a whole floor of the Istituto converted into laboratories and a pilot plant established in the basement. Then a large new building was erected, which has equipment almost equal in production potential to an industrial plant. Here are combined pure research, applied research and technology. But they are all interacting, and Chain's colleagues from all over the world who assembled in Rome last month for the Microbiological Congress must have envied him the facilities for original research which the command of his glittering, engineering equipment has given him. Here is a production-line job which works 24 hours a day to put into test-tubes microbiological curiosities.

That "blackberry jelly" was a case in point. The geneticists working on a variety of *actinomycete* were intrigued by the mutations which produced a series of different colours, particularly a red one. The strain was "put into production" through the fermenters and centrifuges; within a couple of days, there was enough pigment to supply biochemical laboratories, if need be, all over the world with substantial quantities for experiment. And the reverse applies. Scientists have always treated chemical engineering as something outside their notice. Chain, however, has found that fundamental problems of research emerge merely from large-scale operations. For example, the study of aeration in the fermentation-vats has "thrown up" a new phase-form of penicillin. Moreover, the institute is international. It is now training scientists and technicians under U.N. Technical Assistance to go back to their own countries and establish penicillin and antibiotic plants; and there are no commercial secrets. This scientific "open house" is a tribute to the imagination of the Italian authorities and to the persistence of the man we would not listen to.

RITCHIE CALDER

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Rien des Dieux!

IT was not very long ago that Jane and I were seated together outside a café in Boulevard St. Michel, about two minutes' walk from the Pont-Michel itself. It was a warm Easter evening: we had successfully evaded the eyes of the itinerant rug-and-wallet sellers who, with seemingly inexhaustible patience, were endeavouring to locate tourists on whom to foist their wares. Suddenly, attracted (it appears) by my so-English blazer as is a moth by a bright light, an earnest French boy of about seventeen materialised in front of us to slap a paper on the table, under our noses. The paper was called, I believe, *L'Action Catholique* and it was, he explained with much show of hands, "contre le Communisme!"

We did not buy a copy. It took much talk and argument to convince him that the possession of English blood did not *ipso facto* render one either pro-Catholic or, of necessity, anti-Communist. When our shocking character defects were finally made plain to him, he was, to do him justice, more genuinely hurt than angry. As he threaded his way through the maze of tables, bound (we felt little doubt) to lay a complaint at the Embassy, a huge figure leant over from the next table, whence it had been regarding us with some interest, and tapped me on the shoulder.

"That one . . ."; he indicated the departing figure with a brief but expressive wave of the hand . . . "Merde!"

His name was Daniel, he said, and he was a worker in Les Halles, just across the river. So much could have been guessed from the fresh bloodstains glistening on his overalls. His spoken English, incidentally, was of a considerably higher standard than that of the Catholic student, and was interspersed liberally with R.A.F. slang. When we questioned him about

this, he replied that he had seen action with various Resistance groups, and had for a long time been responsible for the safety of shot-down English airmen. They had, between them, taught him English. He had smuggled many parties of allied airmen across the frontier of Vichy France until, eventually, he had been caught. He did not in the end serve the whole of his sentence. For, shortly afterwards, the Ardennes breakthrough took place and forty die-hard Communists, who now numbered Daniel amongst their midst, staged a private massacre of half the prison staff, and escaped. From then until the German surrender, Daniel and his companions waged unceasing war against both Germans and Vichy police indiscriminately. He showed great indignation at the betrayal of the French people by Laval and Daladier: to him, however, it was neither more nor less than another betrayal of the working class by their natural enemies, the middle-class intellectuals and clerics.

He stiffened. We looked up; a black bereted priest was passing along the pavement, some twelve feet away. Our new friend followed him with his eyes, and then growled at me: "Those . . . Those were the ones that sold France . . ."; and I was suddenly made aware of that peculiarly violent anti-clericalism which, as such, seems to exist only in France. To Daniel, that solitary priest personified all the middle-class intellectuals, the decadent aristocracy—all the great evils implied and concerned in the phrase "trahison des clercs." "Les clercs . . ."; he growled, slapping an enormous fist on the table . . . "il n'y a rien des Dieux ici, dans mon pays!"

"Dans mon pays, il n'y a rien des Dieux." I was struck by the phrase, as by the speaker. As he leaned forward, still following the priest, I thought I could see in his face the lineaments of those earlier revolutionaries who had died on the barricades . . . He turned back to us, and smiled: "Les Dieux sont morts!"

Daniel was not, he told us, Parisian by birth. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather before him had all farmed in the Midi; sinking gradually from a well-known and respected farming family to just another obscure group of tenant-farmers. In those days, he informed us, he and his four brothers had risen, seven days a week, at four in the morning. Here, as a meat-porter in Les Halles, Daniel was in the lap of luxury: he could sleep until five o'clock, six mornings out of seven! Neither, we found, was his Party membership of any long standing. He had been "converted" to the Communist ideology in that most uncongenial of schoolrooms, surrounded by barbed wire of a prison camp. Again and again as he talked I caught that note of intense hostility towards the clergy, whom he identified, it seemed, with the invaders themselves. "Les clercs . . ."; he reiterated . . . "il faut tuer!" and turned down his thumb in a horribly suggestive manner. To him, the Catholic Church was the sole cause of France's downfall, an opinion I had heard expressed in no place other than France.

Daniel and his family had been anti-Church long before his Communist association, and his new loyalties to the staunch comrades of the Fédération de la Seine were fostered and encouraged by the presence of so many Americans in Paris, both civil and military. He showed us, with a slight wink, a pile of the little blue stickers which will be familiar to most who have visited France in the last year or so: little blue labels, about two inches square, and printed with the words in black "Amèricains à l'Amérique! Vive la Paix!" Each day, he told us, he would post at least twenty of these labels. At first, apparently, the gendarmes had turned a blind eye to these unofficial decorations, but of late the humour had worn a little thin, and it was becoming increasingly more necessary to exercise discretion in their use. I wondered if Daniel, with his carefully nurtured, fervently nationalist ideas, would have had any truck with Soviet ideology had not the weakness and folly of successive French Governments estranged him (and many like him) from the Nationalists themselves. Again I seemed to hear his words ringing in my ears, with terribly tired conviction, "Dans mon pays, il n'y a rien des Dieux; les Dieux sont morts!"

Six months have passed, and Bastille Day has long been and gone. We are many miles from Paris, now, but before me lies an old copy of the *Manchester Guardian*, recording how, on that glorious day, a certain number of "Communist" demonstrators died from wounds following a protest march in the Place de la Nation. They were, Reuter claimed, protesting against the military display in the Champs Élysées, and had used, remonstrating with the police and soldiery, such classic weapons as bottles, café chairs, and paving stones . . .

As I read the report, I thought inevitably of Daniel. He could not have been in any place but there, marching at the head of the column, with a red flag in one hand, certainly, and very probably a well-thumbed copy of the *Rights of Man* in the other. Daniel will live when both Malenkov and Hitler are utterly forgotten. Vive la République, copain, et merde aux autres!

JOHN COMLEY

Lecture to the Troops

WHEN I first went into the army, I knew it would be an uneasy relation. I had thought of pacifism. But the only sort of permitted pacifism I knew of was tied up with Jehovah, seeing your sister raped, and the sexless potato field. So there I was, brown and numbered, peering at enormous anti-aircraft guns. After preliminary training, I was transferred to Intelligence.

Just before my arrival at Winchester, there had been an overhaul. Pasty men lolling back in arm-chairs reading Proust had been returned to their units. Gigantic guardsmen had arrived. Their terrible voices could be heard from the railway station. Also there were batches of gleaming, violent motor-bicycles. A General had come down, breathing flames. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," he had barked with some originality. "Intelligence doesn't mean looking like a dog's vomit. It means this Corps will become the toughest, fittest, and best-disciplined in the Service. Even if it kills you." This regime had produced a good supply of neurotics and invalids. A man had gone about for a time convinced that he was Goebbels. Later he acquired a commission. It was just about then that I reported there, was flung on to a snorting motor-bicycle, and pushed down a ravine.

Later there was square-bashing. It was so alarming that, as I tend to treat all crises, I half-ignored it, rushing about from one parade to another, dropping belts and joining the wrong squad. On one occasion, during a monster parade I should have attended, when somebody important arrived on a horse, I walked through it in a pair of shorts. "Where are you going?" shouted a purple-faced giant. "To have a shower" I replied in a tiny voice. They could see I felt wretched about it. All that pomp and precision, and my ridiculous shower. There was only one

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thing left for me to do. An instinctive act of self-preservation. I put on an army concert. Later, in a sort of dream, I was transferred to another Intelligence unit, where I put on another concert. Finally I was returned to my unit.

Here, in miraculous fashion, I gained a corporal's stripes, and was sent to Cleethorpes. This at the best of times is an alarming experience. During the war it was like a second-class nightmare. Facing the sea was a facade of boarding houses, Sea-views and Marine Villas, whose windows, divested of aspidistras, framed the shaving faces of sergeants. Decayed amusement arcades were converted into a ghastly bazaar of army blankets and webbing equipment. A hundred tea-shops served as rat-holes for the sick. I saw the C.O. and explained to him my uncertain attitude towards guns. "Lecture the troops, Corporal," said the C.O. contemptuously. When I got to the door, he called me back. "No Red Stuff, of course," he said.

I started off my lectures as though I had suddenly been awarded a Fellowship at an ancient university. A sergeant stood by my side, glaring at the ranks of tea-mad soldiery. I was prompted by printed ABCA talks. Empire, Democracy, the Benefits of Discipline. But after a time I relaxed. I began to lecture about animals. Finally, I perfected a talk about the Amoeba, which achieved a great deal of success. There was a little joke attached to it. "To reproduce itself, the Amoeba merely has to split in two. Intensely labour-saving, but not much fun." Old lags would stop me by the blanket bazaar, or waylay me in the tea-shops. "Give us that Amoeba talk again, Corp." Only the sergeants didn't approve. Their faces looked grimly before them. When the laugh came up over unicellular sex-life, they used to lunge forwards to make charges, and I had to restrain them. "They're *supposed* to laugh at that bit, Sergeant." "O.K., Corporal. As long as you're sure the bastards should be laughing."

One day I was told to give a lecture in Grimsby. "Rather a lot of chaps from all over the command," said an officer. "Captain Clock will be driving you there and back." I turned over various talks in my mind, and decided on the Amoeba. On the way to Grimsby, Captain Clock said "We'll all be interested to hear your talk, Corporal. I hear you have a good approach." I stepped up on the platform and saw a sea of faces. I had expected nothing like it. More amazing still, many of the front rows were occupied by high-ranking officers. Everyone faced me with a sort of rigid, uncomfortable, yet respectful, attention. As if I was some sort of apostle with a military appointment. I cleared my throat and began. "Let us consider a low form of life . . ." I had rather expected a laugh, but didn't get it. Endless glazed eyes glared at attention. I began to sweat, sensing the baffled hostility behind the frozen attitudes. I wanted to run from the hall. My voice trembled. "To reproduce itself," I stammered, "the Amoeba merely has to split in two. Intensely labour-saving, but not much fun." I waited, feeling rather sick. The silence was shattered by an obscene guffaw. Everybody's head turned round accusingly and said "Shush." A sergeant appeared and led the offender out. Then the eyes engulfed me once more. Finally I staggered off the platform, without applause.

A bit later, Captain Clock drove me back to Cleethorpes. It was not till we got there that he broke the news. "Jolly interesting talk, Corporal," he said. "Some of them were a bit shaken. You see, they'd been given a title beforehand. 'British Way and Purpose, Part Two.' Ought to have remembered to mention it earlier."

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

A POLITICAL PLAY

The Devil's General is a political play of evident sincerity. But in play-writing, as no doubt in politics, sincerity is not enough. A political play, as opposed to a play about politics, is one which is able to assume a certain attitude or set of beliefs in the audience, and so does not bother to establish them within the play itself. The audience brings its set opinions into the theatre with it, and the play proceeds to play on them or to illustrate them. This is what happens in most Communist plays; and it makes them excessively tedious to non-believers, and, more than tedious, curiously insulting. For this is to assume that one's mind is already made up once and for all, while the pride of a liberal (in the broadest sense) comes from the belief—the Communists would no doubt call it an illusion—that one can still make up one's mind for oneself.

The Devil's General (at the Savoy) is not such crude propaganda as the latest tract from the Unity. But it suffers from the same sort of defects. It works by and on assumptions of what the audience's beliefs are, or rather of what they were in 1945 when it was written. At that time no doubt it could still stir passions. To a "good" German audience of that date it probably seemed boldly right: while to an audience of "bad" Germans it would have seemed wicked nonsense. In other words it plays on convictions already held but doesn't have enough interest for the open mind.

How does it now, eight years later, strike the average Englishman, whose political passions cool so very easily? Well, we remember enough of those Nazis to know that they were wicked—it is safe to play that assumption—and, natural heretics, we warm to a raffish young general of the Luftwaffe who doesn't hide his contempt for the party bosses, even after they begin to hunt him down. So far we are sympathetic: perhaps we find it a little difficult to take his bursts into the philosophic-poetic since we have no equivalent of the German Romantic soul—and we certainly can't understand such gross carelessness, even from a raffish general, as to leave incriminating letters open on his desk in the middle of a party where non-sympathisers as well as sympathisers are present.

The plot, creaking a little, runs along conventional melodramatic lines until we come with a bump up against the problem of belief in the last act. The general's department has been supplying aeroplanes with fatally faulty parts. Accidents are frequent, sabotage is suspected. The general believes that the Gestapo themselves are doing the job in order to pin the responsibility on him. And then he suddenly discovers in his last few hours that his own trusted lieutenant in the supply department is a member of the Freedom Movement. It is here that the worst of the assumption method shows up in the play. The author assumes that we shall all feel that this sabotage which kills the general's young pilots one after the other is not only necessary but noble. And assuming that, he can make the general act completely out of character, and by his silence join the conspiracy.

But I wonder how many of an English audience (in 1953 at any rate) don't instinctively feel, on the contrary, thoroughly uncomfortable at the assumption that it is right to kill one's own pilots by sabotage. It is conceivable that it might be judged necessary. And what a fascinating play it might make to bring to a crisis the conflicts in the minds of men called on to some such action. But, alas, that is not the author's interest; he simply assumes the rightness and assumes that we will concur in it. Perhaps if we did, the play would stir us. But in 1953 it is not so easy to do so, and to one spectator the Lord's Prayer sounded oddly on the lips of the saboteurs.

The Devil's General presents many problems of production and acting and one cannot feel that they are all satisfactorily solved. Even Mr. Trevor Howard's *panache* could not carry the interest throughout the evening. He quickly establishes the popular reckless and fearless general; but the character does not develop and he was less at ease with the philosophising soul. Mr. Wilfred Lawson is admirable in the small part of the general's loyal batman. The rest of the long cast have parts necessary either to the plot or the assumptions (though some not even that) and make the best they can of them.

T. C. WORSLEY

BEWICK AND MARTIN

EVEN in this time of a New Picturesque no one, I imagine, values Bewick as excessively as Ruskin who mentioned him with Botticelli and Holbein, but the very thorough exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum, celebrating the bicentenary of his birth, is one sign of a general enthusiasm which has not been equalled since his death. The same taste can unfortunately fall for an artist of such different reach and grasp as John Martin and give a surprising welcome to the show at Whitechapel where Ruskin would, indeed, be a salutary guide.

Carlyle wrote of Bewick as being "enviable"—in his rural situation, that is, in his experiences of the North Country before ultimate industrialism, which he describes so delightfully in his memoirs. Our affection for Bewick is started by his projection of this experience, particularly in the little tail-pieces which he engraved to accompany the more formal illustrations of birds, beasts and fables. He is the best of the Picturesque painters of rural life, much more successful than Morland, Ibbetson and de Loutherbourg in celebrating that unkempt world of bosky hedgerows, broken banks and sandy rides, streams and woodland which his bright little figures inhabit. The others could not match the truth of his light and his textures and I doubt whether any wood-engraver has conjured such a subtle and pervasive radiance from the block. As an engraver it is not enough to think of him as a pioneer of the white-line method, for, in his case, extreme skill and response to the craft helped to raise his status as an artist. The little studies for his illustrations, of which there are many in the exhibition, show a sure and tender draughtsman who would not have won his reputation on their account, but when these designs are transferred to wood they are given a new authority. The sharp point of the graver, searching through the hard block, discovers a line more firm and incisive than he could make with a pencil. The conventions, which he so skilfully invented for tones and textures, have a vitality which he did not achieve with the free handling of less demanding techniques. Indeed, the contact between

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paper and the printing surface of wood or metal may produce a more lively image than the artist can make on his own, for, where the artistic personality is not anyway very strong, the replacement of personality by something more precise may be an advantage. It should, however, be said that Bewick's sensibility was always a great help, in the matter of printing especially, to his technique.

Bewick grew from the eighteenth century with its valuable limitations and restraints—he never forced his admirable talents. Martin, born in 1789, grew towards the soft and self-indulgent heart of Victorian romanticism. He vulgarised, coarsened the true Romantic imagery, its infinite perspectives, its rocks and peaks and caverns, its storms and tempests, the breadth of the ocean and the mysteries of light and shadow. He Victorianised them by stripping them of ambiguity and suggestiveness, by stupidly challenging the immensity of the universe. How many, in spite of Mr. Eric Newton's able and interesting advocacy in the catalogue, can take seriously an artist whose work is seldom anything but paint and pretence, whether he be in Babylon or on the plains of Heaven or some wonderland of his period's invention? Martin was incapable of realising anything substantial; his figures are awkward or ridiculous manikins, his aspiring architecture is built of lath and plaster, his trees do not grow but sprout like sponges or flow like seaweed in the current, his rocks or waves show nothing but his incapability, the forms become almost abstract in their incoherence. The only elements to which he can give some plausibility, elements which it is not so difficult to make at least plausible, are fire and the sky. The night sky in his *Arthur and Aegle* is almost the only thing in this exhibition which does not appear meagre and puffed beyond its proportions. A single comparison with Turner, however, would show what depth and structure a painter can find in such impalpable, shifting forms. The vision and imagination of true romantic painters was boundless but recognised the nature of this medium. We do not feel in Turner either the inadequacy of painting or of his own powers, but in Martin, as in so many Victorian artists of a later generation, we are impressed by the *limits* of painting and the futility of their skill. Martin could not make flowers grow on the plains of heaven, nor bring fire down upon Babylon, because he could not do what the French painter Odilon Redon claimed for his fantasies, that he had "given the illusion of life to my most unreal creations" or put "the logic of the visible at the service of the invisible."

It was a sad day when, at the dictates of fashion rather than judgment, some of our museum directors (shuffling the lumber of English art), put up Martin in place of Marcus Stone or Alma Tadema.

BASIL TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Are We All Murderers?" at the Curzon
"The Man Between," at the Carlton
"Last Meeting," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

With nice timing the Curzon cinema turns its back on sauciness to introduce the theme of Capital Punishment. M.P.s, journalists and others in the thick of the fray could do worse than pay a visit to André Cayatte's *Nous Sommes Tous des Assassins*, to which adaptation has added a judicious question-mark. But there can be no doubt where the film's sympathies lie. It asks incidentally the questions we all ask and answer in our separate ways: Is murder the best way of preventing murders? Do we, by sharing a guilt, lessen it? Can two blacks make a white? Does right come into it at all, since we give a pat on the back to those who murder in war and then break the necks of those same heroes who carry out their principles in peace? This last contradiction applies, of course, even more forcibly in countries that have known civil war, enemy occupation, or revolution.

It isn't the business of a work of art, however polemic, to state a case. It views facts, it rams home a feeling. The inescapable situation of the film is that of a law which must first play with the nerves of those it will kill. In the death cell at Fresnes are four men. A warder watches from a barred alcove. There may be a visitor, manacles, some joke or news from the world that goes on. A routine is established. Then, one morning or evening, there's a command "Clear the corridor"; three warders creep up to the door on stockinged feet, the door is flung open, one of the men pinioned, and a delegation, in black, approaches to squeeze from the situation its last bitter relish. Three times in the course of the fatal imprisonment, with a Kafka-like particularity of doom, the corridor is cleared, the victim pounced upon and carried away, the slug-trail of officialdom marked; and it doesn't need the possible innocence of one man or the confused wits of another to suggest that justice may premeditate the worst crimes. Our own system of solitary confinement adds a refinement to this torture.

Are We All Murderers? makes its point of the last journey (with a priest conveniently waiting in a cage on the way) without harrowing us as it might have done. One of the four stories, arising out of war and resistance, is shown in detail, the other three are conversationally sketched in. In general the film suffers from some cluttering in its early narrative and some conventionality in its close, but the emphasis of its central images remains.

The new Carol Reed film, *The Man Between*, is enormously more skilled as a piece of filmmaking, yet how empty! It echoes *The Third Man* with Berlin for Vienna, roof-tops for sewers, James Mason for Orson Welles, no zither and alas, no Graham Greene. The script never really gets going at all, nor do the characters, except perhaps for Mason's kidnapper. The final scene, in which the quixotic crook is shot as he runs over the frontier in the snow, ought to be, but isn't in the least, tremendous. The snow and the ruins and a boy spy wheeling off through the Curtain are Carol Reed's trump cards: he plays them skilfully, but they aren't enough. Hasn't he—or have we—had enough of his men between, beside, and beyond, with a bullet in them?

Last Meeting is an Italian melodrama about a wife who, in order to pay a blackmailer, sells herself in the most exclusive *maison*: there on a gorgeous bed her husband meets and shoots her. Fascinating as are these glimpses of the love-market I would much have preferred *Last Meeting* to remain a thriller about motor racing, which it set out by being.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LATE STRAUSS

IT was bold of the Munich company to bring with them three unfamiliar operas by Richard Strauss. For Strauss traditionally gets a bad press in England. The article in the second edition of *Grove* is a monument to critical misunderstanding. Will the hostile critics of today be ready to eat their words when the world acclaims *Capriccio* as now it does *Der Rosenkavalier*? The grounds of attack have shifted somewhat. "Repulsive . . . a tumult of brilliant daubs . . . musical narcotics" (Hanslick on *Don Juan*) was the original line. *Der Rosenkavalier* was once thought licentious. Then *Arabella* was damned as a watery repetition of *Der Rosenkavalier*. Now that *Arabella* is generally admired, it has become the fashion to regard the later Strauss, in the operas after *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, as played out. But when two well-known critics, one of them immoderately indignant and the other patronising, find respectively in *Die Liebe der Danae* "only an occasional scrap of invention" and "ceaseless musical invention," which of them must we

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A FULL FALL

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More localised are ***Gladys Taylor's*** **OLD LONDON GARDENS** (21s.) whose record of royal, ecclesiastical and private gardens is attractively embellished with reproductions of old prints; and ***Kathleen Courlander's*** account of one of the most attractive nearer London suburbs, **RICHMOND** (21s.), which includes within its scope Ham, Kew and Petersham.

The Arts

FOR books on the Arts, Architecture and Collectors' handbooks Batsford's reputation is second to none. This season's list includes ***Wolf Mankowitz's*** **WEDGWOOD** (7 *gns.*) an authoritative and sumptuously produced monograph on the first 120 years of our most famous English pottery; **REGENCY ANTIQUES** (42s.) by ***Brian Reade,*** which does not neglect the delightful minor *objets d'art* of a charming period; **THE AGE OF INIGO JONES** (42s.) by ***James Lees-Milne,*** a full study of the works of our first great classical architect and his contemporaries. Collectors of Victoriana will be fascinated by the first comprehensive **HISTORY OF VALENTINES** (42s.) by ***Ruth Webb Lee;*** And a stimulating guide to the appreciation of Painting, classical and modern, is provided by ***David Bell's*** **THE LANGUAGE OF PICTURES** (21s.)

History Etc.

A NEGLECTED aspect of the heroic age of the British middle class is commemorated by ***Roland Clark*** in **THE VICTORIAN MOUNTAINEERS** (18s.) whose informative and amusing history describes male and female pioneers of mountaineering from Ruskin to Martin Conway. Equally entertaining is ***C. H. Gibbs-Smith's*** **A HISTORY OF FLYING** (21s.) in which the romantic conceptions, eccentric inventions, tragic failures and final successes are brilliantly illustrated by 160 diagrams, drawings and prints. And those who remember Doris Langley Moore's fascinating *The Woman in Fashion* will be delighted with its successor, **THE CHILD IN FASHION** (25s.) an illustrated record of the clothes worn by children in the last 150 years.

BATSFORD

believe? It seems as if—to paraphrase Tovey—anyone who turns up his nose will just have to keep it turned up. Meanwhile those who enjoy late Strauss can marvel at and revel in the mastery which makes *Danae* so varied, so brilliant, and in the last act so deeply affecting.

After the Salzburg performance of 1952, one heard cries of "Wagner pastiche." Rudolf Hartmann's new production, lighter in hand than his original one, and Helmut Jurgens's settings, more fantastic than those of Preetorius, achieved an individual Straussian note. Of course Strauss owed a debt to Wagner; how could he not be indebted when singing *das alte Lied von dem Schicksal der Götter?* But how much more besides there is in this serene mythology, the imaginative fusion of two legends—Jupiter's wooing in the golden shower, and Midas's touch which turns all to gold. We find Strauss's old brilliance, and a new suffusing warmth of generous feeling. Jupiter's valedictory blessing is addressed not only to Danae, but to all Strauss's heroines: the Marschallin, Ariadne, the Empress, Helen, Daphne. And in the same way the score is a golden farewell to the sort of music Strauss loved: music which tells of rapturous enchantment, youthful ardour, or weary resignation. Few works of our time are so continuously beautiful, or so tender.

As for *Capriccio*, it is a masterpiece. The 77-year-old composer produced something quite new in opera: good conversation, not directed to any event, and seldom expressive of emotion. To complain that there is little action is to miss the point. *Capriccio*, in one sense, is a highly abstract opera. Compare the concreteness of *Der Rosenkavalier*, whose Marschallin is, so definitely, Die Feldmarschallin Fürstin von Werdenberg, with *Capriccio*, whose Gräfin is just the Gräfin, or occasionally Madeleine. In *Der Rosenkavalier* even the duenna's position is defined; she is Jungfer Marianne Leitmetzerin. But in *Capriccio* the emotions are meant to be "typical" ones, such as any poet or any composer might feel who loved a young countess. All we have to do is to sit back or rather sit forward so as not to miss anything and enjoy the music. *Prima la musica.* The libretto is elegant and beautifully shaped; and if its argument does not go very deep, that, in this opera of many levels, is in itself a contribution to the *Wort oder Ton* debate. And the fine texture of the score, its variety, its amazing invention, afford an intensely musical pleasure almost comparable to that provided by the chamber works of the mature Mozart.

The fortnight's season has given us a remarkable chance of seeing an integrated company at work. Under Rudolf Hartmann, the Munich Opera have again become Strauss specialists. The sense that one had, in *Arabella*, of the whole performance's springing from a single interpretative act, was confirmed by repeated visits, with ever-shifting casts and changing conductors. There are faults, but they do not spring from misunderstanding. Everyone is on the right lines; and so the listener is soon tolerant of vocal shortcomings.

I have space to mention only a few performances: in *Danae*, Annalies Kupper's sensitively shaded singing, Leonie Rysanek's beautiful soft tones, Howard Vandenburg's firm Midas; in *Capriccio* Maud Cunitz's intelligent, though vocally uneven Countess, Kusche's well-rounded La Roche, and above all Holm's eloquent Composer. The re-arrangement of Scenes 2 and 3 in *Danae* was disturbing. Some important lines were missing from *Arabella's* and *Danae's* last acts. But the most serious criticism—not directed at the company—was that no librettos were available. How are people to enjoy a conversation-piece who can follow hardly a word of the conversation?

ANDREW PORTER

To avoid disappointment place a definite order with your newsagent or become a postal subscriber (full particulars given on page 372).

RADIO NOTES

SINCE to adapt a novel to another medium is normally to diminish, dilute or distort its quality, I am as a general rule averse to adaptations in the Third Programme. In Home and Light it is rather different; there, I suppose, adaptations could be justified as "missionary" efforts alone, and all the evidence suggests that they are most efficient "missionaries" for the novels from which they are made. In any case, where drama is concerned, Home and Light would be pretty thin if there wasn't English fiction to draw upon. Hardened listeners to the Third, though, are not one supposes, in urgent need of missionaries; if they have not read the classic novels and the obvious contemporaries at least they know what they are and where to find them. There are, however, exceptions to this general rule: Peacock and Miss Compton-Burnett.

How well the author of *Crotchet Castle* goes into radio we have long known. Now it is Miss Compton-Burnett's turn, and after hearing Mr. Peter Mellors's version of *Men and Wives* the other evening I trust he is already at work on her other novels. *Men and Wives* was delightful. The dialogue came over as well as one had always assumed it would; indeed better. And it is precisely here that the adaptation justified itself artistically: something was, not so much added by the dramatisation, as brought out by it. It was intermittent, but it was there; and it was there all the time in Mr. Norman Shelley's wonderful rendering of Sir Godfrey; one hadn't before quite realised how ripe a comic character he is.

How the programme succeeded with those who had not read Miss Compton-Burnett I cannot pretend to know. Listening to it made as great a demand on my concentration as reading the novel itself; but here, I feel, Mr. Mellors may be partly to blame. Stage-directions, or their equivalent, are most important in Miss Compton-Burnett's novels; the stage is always carefully set. In the adaptation, towards the end particularly, one sometimes had the impression of the dialogue's being spoken in a void; there was no background of polished mahogany. Even at the risk of interrupting the flow of speech, the narrator might, I thought, have been used rather more than he was.

The Third perseveres with Strindberg, and since there are so few chances of seeing his work on the stage we are in its debt. *The Storm*, a late play, mellower than Strindberg as we usually think of him, had the interest of unfamiliarity. Yet once again it was borne upon me, as always except with his greatest work and the historical plays, which I think the Third has yet to give us, how impure an artist he was. Without some knowledge of Strindberg's life, what would *The Storm* have meant to one? Very little, I cannot help thinking, apart from its rendering of the pathos of loneliness.

Of the B.B.C.'s team of staff reporters none seems to me better than Mr. Rene Cutforth. He has a pleasantly tough voice and the gift of striking off vivid descriptive phrases. He was responsible for two programmes last week—*Eighty North*, his account, with recorded illustrations, of his visit to the British North Greenland Expedition last August, and, as a sort of footnote to it, a talk *Summer at Young Sound*. The scientific point of the expedition was nicely and unobtrusively brought out, and the rigours and strangenesses of life in the Arctic admirably conveyed. How fantastic it all is! Cut off from the outside world except for one month in the year when the ice melts; and then the R.A.F. drops in, and Mr. Cutforth, and the Bishop of Plymouth to conduct a religious service. The scientists entertain themselves by dancing Scottish reels; a Norwegian trapper—unless I wholly misunderstood Mr. Cutforth, there being no broadcasting equivalent to the printer's quotation marks—quotes Dostoevsky to him. The rigours of the Arctic have always been there; it is applied science, aeroplanes and radio, that has added the strangeness and the fantasy.

WALTER SALTER

Walter Gore Ballet, at the Prince's

At last someone in the English ballet world has made a bold bid to run a company for the purpose of producing contemporary works, and without pandering to what is believed to be popular taste. Walter Gore's company is in many ways the British counterpart of Roland Petit's *Ballet de Paris*, for Mr. Gore is the principal choreographer, the *premier danseur* and the artistic director. Like Petit he has good taste in decor, and unlike him good taste in music; but as a choreographer and showman he has not the brilliance or finish that Petit imparts to his ballets. Yet the three ballets produced on the first night were, if not masterpieces, all of interest and integrity. Indeed it is a sense of integrity and enthusiasm, emanating from the whole company across the footlights, that makes up a great deal for the lack of particularity in all save the three stars—Walter Gore, Paula Hinton and Anne Lascelles. In the two gay ballets, *Hoops* and *Light Fantastic*, Mr. Gore's choreography bubbles and sparks like the pink effervescent wine of northern Italy. The serious ballet, *Crucifix*, has excellent patches, but fails as a whole because Mr. Gore has not seen that by piling horror upon horror without relief the dramatic effect is weakened. There should have been a counterbalance of some sort that, by contrast, would have heightened the poignancy of the tragedy. The story is of a girl wrongfully accused of being a witch. The opening scene, in spite of Paula Hinton's amazing performance as a terror-struck maiden, is far too long and loses all tension by the repetitive beatings-up. The trial, with its horrifying masked jurors, is the best, for here is variety and excellent grouping. By contrast to the hysterically sweeping gestures of the girl and the vindictive crowd, the lawyers move with controlled jerks, reminiscent of the politicians in *The Green Table*. This scene is convincing until the entrance of the white priest, who brings a ridiculously sentimental note. I hoped that he would turn out to be a caricature, matching the lawyers, but in vain. The fact that Walter Gore's company is not highly polished is a pity, but not ruinous, for the technical finish of a company is not so hard to acquire in time, but if developed as an end in itself too young may kill all spontaneity. The basic integrity and artistic perception that this company possesses in Mr. Gore himself are certainly of far more importance.

A. F.

Paintings by Joseph Herman, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

I take it for granted that Herman is one of the most important painters working here. His statement that "For me art and morality are not very far apart," goes a long way to explaining why this is so. Previously, however, a possible criticism of his work was that his moral and social attitude was inclined to be a nineteenth-century one: the *passive* dignity of his miners and peasants was slightly reminiscent of Millet. The inadequacy of such an approach tended to force him into expressionism, that is, the exaggeration of irrational emotion, and also caused his work to be formally somewhat repetitive: such repetition being the result of the artist missing the full range of contemporary life. These 18 new paintings and 30 drawings imply an advance beyond this criticism, and incidentally show the complete inter-dependence of form and content. The increased confidence of their emotional mood, the sense of his peasants, road-menders, miners constituting an irresistible social force, is both reflected in, and established by, the more truthful, less strained forms, and by the new Poussinesque classic unity of their compositions. Before a painting like No. 14 of workers resting for lunch, one is less concerned than before with their endurance, far more with their strength. But of course none of this could count for anything if Herman hadn't the observation and sensibility of a true painter. Look at the hands of the *Peasant in Field* and at the plant he is pulling up; such passages are in the tradition of Titian. Look at the two left-hand figures in *The Road Gang*; their weight and energy are expressed solely in terms of paint. The same development can be seen in his drawings. The placing of each figure is far more tensely considered in relation to the page, seen with far more human, historical and spatial perspective.

J. B.

Correspondence

VOCABULARY OF POLITICS

SIR,—After reading Mr. Woolf's would-be devastating review of *The Vocabulary of Politics*, by T. D. Weldon, I find it interesting to speculate whether he has entirely missed the point of the book or whether he has seen it and been rather rattled by it. The Olympian superiority with which he disposes of it is compatible with either standpoint in one so civilised and experienced. But I incline to the view that he has missed the point. "It is difficult to believe that even the most mouse-like of Pelican readers will lose his political faith by reading Mr. Weldon's book." Surely Mr. Weldon is making no attempt to convert anybody from one faith to another; he is merely trying to show that political beliefs, in so far as they are not empirical generalisations, *are* faiths—that there is no sort of proof that one way of life is right and the others wrong. In other words, that there are no incontestable foundations for democracy or any other type of political organisation.

Marxists and Christians, among others, tend to maintain that there *are* such foundations; and whilst the Christian at least admits that he "knows" this through faith, the Marxist claims to be an impartial scientific observer: the dialectical process may be observed by anyone who is not stupid or prejudiced. Many of us in the West seem to cherish more or less implicitly this belief that democracy is somehow "right" rather than the view, in my opinion "correct," that our type of democracy is a tolerably good way of organising ourselves in society at this stage in our evolution with this particular environment. Without dogmas of various sorts it appears to be easier to adjust to different peoples and new situations. This does not necessitate throwing our ideals overboard and meeting saints and dictators on the same footing, but it does entail a little less self-righteousness and a little more self-criticism.

In view of Mr. Woolf's central misunderstanding I think it is not necessary to deal with his individual criticisms, some of which are quite sound. Admittedly Mr. Weldon is over-fond of the word "vacuous," in the same way in which Mr. Woolf is rather taken with the word "ingenuous"; indeed, Mr. Weldon may be guilty of the unspeakable sin of enthusiasm. But after all he is playing with a very exciting idea, and I think we should forgive him.

As I see it, one of the best things we can do for people who come after us is to relieve them of our racking attachment to conflicting absolute standards, which means *any* absolute standards, and the concept of Purpose in the universe, Dialectical or Divine, so that they may choose and work out their own salvations. In my opinion Mr. Weldon's book is a welcome contribution towards this end.

University College, Staffs. JACK PARSONS

SIR,—The onus is on Mr. Woolf. For it is he who proposes to subject Mr. Weldon's new book *The Vocabulary of Politics* to "the tests of reason, accuracy and common sense." Subjected to these same tests, how does his own review fare?

1. He accuses Mr. Weldon of being "slipshod in his use of words and thoughts," and he cites, by way of an example, Mr. Weldon's contention that all propositions that cannot be proved to be either true or false are meaningless. Now it may be that this criterion of meaningfulness is inadequate, and it may be that Mr. Woolf can prove it to be so. But it is one that has been suscribed to implicitly by many philosophers of the past (Berkeley, Hume, Kant), and explicitly by nearly all those of the last thirty years. To call Mr. Weldon's adhesion to it "slipshod" is surely to obscure this. Either Mr. Woolf was unaware of this elementary historical fact, or else he was aware of it and concealed it.

2. Mr. Woolf tells us that his "mind reels before the confusion" of one of Mr. Weldon's arguments, namely, that *since* the foundation of Marxism is the proposition that everything is matter, *and* this proposition cannot be proved to be true or false, *and* propositions that cannot be proved to be true or false are meaningless, *therefore* the foundation of Marxism is worthless. But surely this is an impeccable deduc-

Pär Lagerkvist
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CHATTO & WINDUS

tive argument. Has Mr. Woolf made the elementary error of confusing the falsity of a premise with the invalidity of an argument based on it? (Incidentally, on the one point where he seems to agree with Mr. Weldon—i.e., that Marxism is based on the view that "everything is matter"—both are clearly wrong.)

3. Mr. Woolf says that Mr. Weldon has "the ingenuous notion that by calling a proposition 'vacuous' you prove that it has no truth or importance in it." Mr. Weldon has no such notion. His view is that this result is achieved not by *calling* a proposition "vacuous" but by *proving* it to be so. And this is surely right. What Mr. Woolf may have meant is that Mr. Weldon never succeeds in any of his efforts to prove a proposition vacuous. In this case he ought to point out where these efforts go wrong, instead of scolding Mr. Weldon for making them.

4. Mr. Woolf talks of Mr. Weldon's "objection to democracy." But Mr. Weldon makes it abundantly clear that he has no objections to democracy. What he objects to are certain spurious attempts to "prove" the superiority of democracy. And even these are only quoted as examples of a more general thesis namely, the spuriousness of all attempts to "prove" the superiority of any form of political institution over any other. And this is not a political argument: it is—like the other theses in Mr. Weldon's book—an argument about political arguments. Nowhere does your review make clear that this is the essential nature of the book.

In conclusion, I must add that Mr. Woolf's travesty of Mr. Weldon's arguments finds ample confirmation in the unfortunate "blurb" written on the first of the introductory pages.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

Department of Philosophy,
University College, W.C.1.

SPAIN AND GIBRALTAR

SIR,—With the agreement giving the use of Cadiz to the Americans signed, it would seem that the importance of Gibraltar as a fortress commanding the entrance to the Med. is reduced. The Straits can very easily be closed with naval power from Cadiz and air-support from Seville, which is only twenty minutes flying time away. Add to this the fact that Ceuta, in Spanish Morocco, offers an excellent "second line" to Cadiz, and the Spaniards can fairly argue that the presence of Britain in Gibraltar is no longer justified as a link in Western Defence.

Franco will doubtless be quick to make this point, though there is nothing on the Rock Spain requires: she has an adequate harbour at Algeciras across the Bay, and the people of Gibraltar, some 26,000, are 100 per cent pro-British. Does the Spanish-American pact imply U.S. approval of Spanish claims to the Rock? SCORPION

Gibraltar.

SMOKELESS FUEL

SIR,—I have been a user of smokeless fuels for over twenty years, and find that they burn most satisfactorily, but they have one great disadvantage. They are easily adulterated by water. This is because they have been made porous as well as smokeless by heating them to a temperature high enough to extract the smoke-producing chemicals. The amount of water which can be absorbed may be considerable. I have found that dry fuel, after soaking had added 45 per cent. to its weight, still floated. If delivered during a spell of real wet weather, it can easily contain 25 per cent. of water.

A Bill is now being drafted to reform discrepancies in our system of weights and measures, among them, the sale of fuel. Some method of protecting the buyer of porous fuels can now be devised. Already, in some areas, proceedings may be taken against the dealer who fraudulently damps his stock, but no dealer has ever been prosecuted, because he simply leaves it out in the rain, after which the sale of the sodden stuff is perfectly legal.

I am not advocating any special form of measuring or weighing coked fuel, but am urging the protection, by some means or other, of the domestic user who has been exploited for many years past. People can scarcely be expected to help the clean air campaign, if their use of smokeless fuels continues to be penalised. I wish I could get back the money I have had to pay for rain water during these last twenty years. Bought at £8 4s. per ton, it is a very expensive thing.

Welwyn Garden City, Herts. SYDNEY M. BUSHELL

THOUGHTS IN THE WILDERNESS

SIR,—Mr. Priestley cheerfully paints a gloomy picture. In his young days, only a few people "tagged along on the fringe of real culture." The others did not think about it. They were not "pandered to," whereas today perhaps they are.

What Mr. Priestley forgets is that thousands get knowledge and inspiration from the modern world of mass communications instead of merely "tagging along." The best things are mostly in short supply—good wireless or TV programmes being no exceptions. People like Helen Henshell should not be dismissed lightly with second-rate Third Programme performers. Wireless and TV programmes often inspire people to visit their libraries and demand books they would not otherwise have heard about. The "Woman's Hour" is an excellent programme as a rule, and I could name many others.

Mr. Priestley also seems to discount the young people in his article. In the holidays, my son, besides reading *Exploration Fawcett*, read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. He enjoyed Vic Oliver and listened regularly to "The Archers." He enthused about the film *Bicycle Thieves*, and laughed at Bob Hope in *Fancy Pants*. With three friends he went to hear Cyril Smith play with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and twice weekly attended dancing classes. He read *King Lear* before seeing the play at Stratford. We have no TV.

There are those who gave so much in the war that they have no energy left. There are millions of younger people better informed because of mass communications, eager to create in the field of literature and elsewhere. One thing only they need—the help and backing of successful, rich and able men, who will work unceasingly to help preserve Peace, and create a more stable atmosphere, in which the young, eager ones can work. P. E. FROST

16 Gresham Avenue, Margate.

SIR,—May I be permitted to say what I am thinking on Priestley? He is a victim of the modern industrial propaganda with which all the West is permeated. He succeeded to catch the eye of the public, as the late Dr. Joad did, and thus became a money-maker. Those specialists in money-making, the publishers, resolved to make more and more of it, and urged him to write more and more. Since everyone who is writing teaches, Priestley himself (and the public helped by the newspapers) began thinking of himself as a kind of sage, as Joad did too. Fame is like Bavarian French-rolls: the more you partake of them the more beer you drink and the greater your thirst. Thus Priestley jumps from Soviet to reactionary American ideas, coquetting all the time. I am fully aware that critical opinions on Priestley, no matter how authoritative, will avail nothing, since the need of the public in the West is for the average man without a single new point of view. This is what Priestley is.

11 Listopada 4, Warsaw. WILLIAM TYSZ

SIR,—I fear that Mr. Priestley, in his otherwise admirable article on "Mass Communications" is fostering a myth that may eventually, if so encouraged, come true.

In my own small outer London bookshop we have sold large numbers of, for example, the *Kon-Tiki Expedition* or *The Cruel Sea* (barely disguised documentary). But our biggest seller of 1952 was Victor Gollancz's *My Dear Timothy* of which we sold 34 copies, Koestler's *Arrow in the Blue* and Berenson's *Italian Painters of the Renaissance* were good runners-up. As long as such a balance holds good in the heart of Bootland, and there are no signs as yet to the contrary, light still shines over Mr. Priestley's dark domain.

The Ibis Library, Banstead. MARTYN GOFF

TEACHERS' PAY

SIR,—Your advocacy of more differentiation in salaries for "those who prove their worth" is most interesting. Is Labour to extend this principle to such other occupations as engineers, agricultural labourers, railway workers, doctors and dentists? It will hardly help recruiting to the profession if, to obtain extras, the teacher must creep round his superiors, belong to the appropriate political party, and sing loudly at the appropriate church. There is more than enough of that already.

Extra payments throughout life—including pension—for a label affixed on a young person at a university afford no guarantee that he will prove a success, and this system raises a hornets nest about equivalent qualifications for others. Why should not the sports master have £20 for his school colours, £25 for college, and a further £20, *at the discretion of his local authority*, for his county colours?

It is not well enough known that the "extra responsibility payments" are mostly employed at present to augment the salaries of Grammar school teachers. There exist schools where more than half the staff enjoy these "responsibilities" which obviously go a long way to providing that differentiation advocated by your journal.

2 CL. HONS.

SIR,—Your correspondent's remarks on teachers' salaries reveal a surprising ignorance of the abuses already rife in the system of "responsibility allowances" which he apparently wishes to see extended under another name. After wishing to see "more elasticity in the paying of higher salaries," he states that "it would be undesirable to differentiate in favour of science teachers as such." But in many schools it is precisely this elasticity which has led to such a differentiation. The so-called "responsibility allowance" often serves to supplement science teachers' salaries in order to attract graduates into the profession. This system leads to a good deal of resentment among Arts graduates, who, whatever their qualifications, must earn extra allowances by organising school dinners or National Savings.

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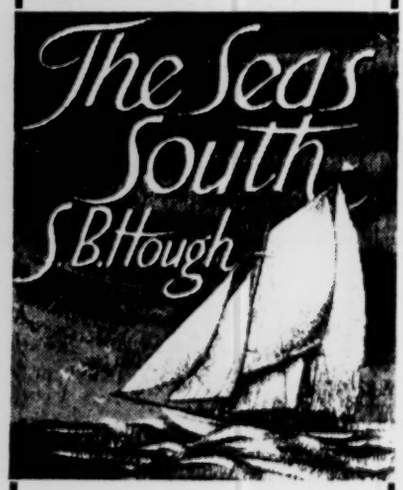

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

I should be interested to learn how the worth of a teacher is to be judged by local authorities. Will they pay according to examination successes, the popularity of his class, discipline, moral influence, or the evenings he is prepared to devote to the Parent-Teacher Association? Qualifications may be a poor method by which to regulate pay but it still seems the best possible. TEACHER

JANEITES

SIR,—Clean-limbed, clean-minded American boys, accustomed to devoting their spare time to escorting old ladies across streets, starting fires by rubbing sticks of wood together, playing the sound 100 per cent. American game of baseball and taking cold showers, had little knowledge of or interest in the subject of your September 5 article, "Bosoms in Boston," until they were assigned to duty in England in World War II. There, in an effort to learn more about their British cousins and thus further their education and strengthen the ties of friendship, many of the clean-limbed, clean-minded American boys read a typical British mass circulation publication, the *Daily Mirror*.

In studying British life as mirrored in this publication they were exposed to a comic strip entitled "Jane," in which the parts of the anatomy mentioned in your article popped out of every panel at the popped-eyes of clean-limbed, clean-minded cold-showering American boys. Finding that Jane was somewhat better-equipped than most of her real-life British counterparts, many an American boy brought back an unsatisfied curiosity with him to the United States, all started by reading a British newspaper.

I have obtained these facts from my grandson, who was stationed in England during the war, and is very observant. He also noticed that British plumbing is frequently quite noisy and that the British prefer tea to coffee, and he said that the British are more friendly than most Americans think they are. Once while he was strolling near Piccadilly Circus several young ladies stopped and chatted with him, although they had not been formally introduced.

Washington, D.C. ALICE ST. JOHN BAKER-JONES

BERTHOLD VIERTEL

SIR,—May I pay brief tribute to the memory of Berthold Viertel, who has died in Vienna at the age of 68? An inspired poet, talented producer, raconteur and wit, he was one of the last great men of the *fin-de-siecle* Central European twilight. He grew up in the ripe and melancholy last decades of the Austrian Monarchy, but threw himself into the post-war chaos with immense gusto. He put on superb productions in Dresden, but failed in Hollywood. He flourished with Reinhardt and faded with MGM. But when, after years of exile and futile wanderings, he returned to his native Vienna in 1949, he had his St. Martin's summer. His productions at the Burg Theatre were triumphant successes.

Four volumes of poems, a short novel, a comedy, as well as twelve films and more than a hundred theatre productions all over Europe remain to his credit. And yet, what stays most vividly in the mind is the short, fiery figure, the wise, passionate face, and the talk—excellent talk such as is rarely heard today, talk bred in the old smoky Prague and Vienna cafés, brilliant but short-lived works of art which were swept away by waiters, after the last visitor had left, along with the cigarette butts under the marble-topped table. Viertel was a great writer though he left most of his novels unfinished, a great Socialist though he could never conform to any party, and a man of genius though there is nothing to prove it except the conviction of his friends that he was one.

HILDE SPIEL

JOURNALESE

SIR,—Both Mr. Wills and Mr. Sinclair have misquoted *Variety's* famed, much misquoted headline: it should be STICKS NIX HICK PIX. The curious may see it for themselves in the issue of Wednesday, July 17, 1935 (Vol. 119, No. 5).

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Autumn Books Supplement

FIRST STOP READING!

THERE is nothing like a row in the parish for producing red-herrings. While attempting to discover what the dispute between Mr. Wain, Mr. G. S. Fraser, Mr. John Lehmann and Mr. Hugh Massingham was about, I have picked up a lot of valuable incidental information and have learned a new obscene word. All parties seem to agree that "don" ought to be written very high up and remotely on the lavatory wall. University lecturers, it turns out, never meet, are solitary cider-drinkers and are worried about the rise in bus-fares; an editor lives in a bungalow; a lonely figure in Swansea is resisting the "monolithic pressure" of the London literary racket; and disinfected people in Reading hold their noses and mutter "Banausic" as a protection against warts. One daring young man who refused to gang up with this particular youth movement was told in a quiet blistering hiss "to adjust his sights": the tendency to reach for a revolver at the mention of culture dies hard. I myself live down the line from Reading and pretty soon the schemozzle reached me and evoked the only two exact statements uttered by anybody. Some said I was getting older. That is quite correct. I am. Every day. Someone else accused me of saying that George Orwell wrote clear prose. I did and he does. He might have written like George Eliot or Mr. Amis, but he was denied the advantages of a Methodistical upbringing or a university education at the public expense.

I did not hear any of the broadcasts of First Reading, but I have read six of the scripts since. The radio has the alarming power to expose literary feebleness and pretence at once, but it also grossly exaggerates the extent of these weaknesses in any page of writing. Mr. Wain has an unhappy manner as an editor—which his retorts to his critics brought out even more strongly: it is a cardinal rule in these disputes not to impute motives—but he and his authors were put to a far harder test than they would have had to suffer if they had been printed in a literary review where they could have been admired or criticised at leisure. An example of this bad luck is, I think, the extract from the novel of Mr. Amis which was severely attacked. The extract magnified the faults of Mr. Amis without showing his original voice as a young novelist describing provincial life. I don't want to endanger the reputation of Mr. Amis in Swansea, Reading or Rome—the provinces?—but I had the curiosity to read a good deal of the novel from which the extract was taken and it seemed to me a successful and quite new piece of observation of the caddish and pushing provincial young man. The clumsy style did not worry me as it did Mr. Massingham when he heard it. I would prefer it otherwise, but if Mr. Amis develops as he promises, I shall try not to complain that he goes on writing with his boots.

If Mr. Wain was right to push Mr. Amis, he was also right to publish a good story by J. R. Fowler, a peculiar piece by William Oliphant, and an interesting analysis of the dilemma of the Irish writer by Donald Davie. Mr. Wain's own comments were marked by a perhaps natural desire to see in all this a greater significance than there was, and an exemplification of the "policy" he had made such a song about in his opening broadcast. By the sixth broadcast he took a holiday from the policy and, like a sensible editor, published what he thought good, whatever it was. His one serious misjudgment was the now notorious "custard pie" comedy: this weary joke merely illustrated the fact that men of learning can knock off light literature as easy as winking, but that advanced reviews are not the place for these revels, even when they do not come off.

I say nothing about the poetry in the series for I am not competent to judge an art which for me has become esoteric. It is not Mr. Wain's fault that no new prose genius has come into his net; or, if in the net, has yet shown no real sign. One can roughly reckon that a prose-writer of dominant quality will not show it unmistakably until he has been writing for ten years; the early works of talented writers are commonly less efficient and distinguished than those of their inferiors who have filled the literary graveyards from the time of *The Yellow Book* onwards. The best editors have cared less for manifestos and generalisations than for encouraging, criticising, teaching their authors, refusing to publish them until they do better; but this stage of editing comes later when the First Reading stage is left behind. I don't think Mr. Wain's editing would have been open to more than mild notice, if his programme had been one of many such, running concurrently on the radio; and if Mr. G. S. Fraser is right in speaking of the contributors as people who live in the provinces, they could have tried starting new literary movements in the Regions as well as on the Third. The Third Programme is, in some ways, a competitor of the weekly reviews and serious Sunday papers, and scarcely any of Mr. Wain's prose contributions were up to the standard required by those papers. Indeed, the great difficulty is to find short pieces which approach the desired quality. One remembers the *débâcle* of the *Observer* short-story competition.

Behind the rancour which Mr. Massingham's very independent criticism caused is a confused emotion which really arose because there are not more literary reviews. Young writers are frustrated. It is admirable to attack the middle-aged; it is splendid to want to "save" literature from their windiness; it is at any rate interesting to suggest we are in for a period of "consolidation," though one can think of a brighter and more stimulating prospect for literature than the foddering of administrators. But it is indispensable to write the books that create these movements, and no one stops any of the complainants from proving their surpassing excellence in this way. The moment one hears that dreary fantasy about the "monolithic pressure" of the eminent or smart in London, one recognises the old whimper of sterility that comes up in every decade. Less than ten years ago, young men who had received considerable awards of money on their promise made the same complaint: the corrupt monopolists (who had given them the awards) were keeping them out. The fact is that the spread of higher education has added a large number of people to the usual crowd who hang about on the edge of the most disappointing profession in the world; and who think they could become famous if only someone else would let them.

The legend of the literary monopoly is a great consolation to that passion of envy which regularly visits the outskirts of literary society. How often has one heard the old groan that the literary journals are all in league, that this figure or the other controls them, and that the writer with a "different" point of view cannot break the ring. A simple glance at week-end literary journalism will reveal that the opinions of Mr. Edwin Muir, Mr. Cyril Connolly, Mr. Raymond Mortimer, Mr. Philip Toynbee and Mr. John Betjeman differ fundamentally from one another. (I disagree with the lot.) And that is, of course, where the objection lies. There is a considerable freedom of opinion and the objectors hate it. They want policies. They want it to be impossible—as one explicitly says—for, say, Mr. Dylan Thomas to be thought highly of. Now it is true that a strong, narrow, religious, political, social or æsthetic stand is stimulating to creative writers; one has only to look at the original Bloomsbury set, or the political movement of the Thirties. There is no sign of any comparable galvanising movement today, beyond a faint religious drift. But these stands are narrowing to criticism which tries to relate a work to the body of literature. Examples of the narrowing faculty are the denigration of Fielding in the Twenties, the disparagement of Sterne in the Thirties, the attempt to exalt the moral tradition at the expense of the comic. These wars can only be judged by their fruits. If they surround men of genius, it is admirable; but when there is only talent to keep them going, and that is all there is today, they are pedantic and drab. It will be time enough to talk about monopolies and monolithic pressure when the new D. H. Lawrence says that he is kept out—when, in short, the goods are delivered. And, in any case, neither D. H. Lawrence nor independents like Wyndham Lewis or George Orwell were ever "out." They were well in and enjoyed attacking everyone from within.

I have only one thing more to say about First Reading, about which Mr. Fraser has been more revealing than Mr. Wain. There was a fuss about provinciality. Mr. John Lehmann was surely right about this. I am one of those who would like to see the English novel become as

provincial as it was in the Victorian age, or rather, I would like to see a renewal of that part of its tradition. (There are novels of James Hanley that have, here and there, the echo of it.) The barrier to this is partly the literary convention in which English life is now described, partly meaningless naturalism. There was nothing provincial, in the derogatory sense, about our important provincial novelists: D. H. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett and George Eliot. They saw a rich scene, but it is notable that they owed the sharpening of their intellects, the training of their imagination, to a period of contact with foreign literatures. George Eliot even joined the monolith in London and was a learned literary journalist. If we look at Bennett we see at once that he was not sunk in the dreary naturalism of Mrs. Dale which puts its dirty tea stain on the stories of provincial life which abound today, and which have no significance. The teachers of these writers have been telling them for the last ten or twenty years that their material is around them and that there is a peculiar native moral glow about the scene which will impart itself to their narratives; but the only virtue in the native provincial scene, as a literary subject, is the virtue that comes from the writing. The triviality of these conscientious records, their trite psychological speculations—did Kath really understand Glad—indicate an unbearable smugness on the part of the writer. I saw no sign in Mr. Wain's programmes of this kind of thing declining. It is totally irrelevant that the kind of life described is life as it is lived nowadays—to judge by the records life was not very different in England in the Elizabethan age—but it is evident that if you tell writers to consolidate and so on, this is what they will consolidate on. The reason for demanding experiment is not to excite international coteries nor to provide subjects for professors, but to urge writers to get at the material in their material.

V. S. PRITCHETT

HAMLET AND HISTORY

Conscience and the King. By BERTRAM JOSEPH. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hamlet ou les Personnages du Fils. By JEAN PARIS. *Editions du Seuil.* 480 *francs.*

An impulse of retrenchment has come over critics of Shakespeare, naturally enough, after so much bold conjecture; we now get them not only saying we must consider what a thing meant at the time, very rightly, but also using this approach to say it meant rather little. In his foreword Mr. Joseph guards himself against being thought to approve of "Renaissance ideals," and only claims that we must interpret Hamlet in accordance with them. His text conveys a firm approval; not only is revenge a duty for Hamlet (who only delays for fear of going to Hell if the ghost is a devil), but Hamlet "is right" to plan to send Claudius to Hell by sparing him at prayer (p. 119); "it would be too much" for a man of honour and a gentleman to let his enemy die while prepared. The trouble with this historical acceptance of a past "convention," as a thing the informed critic doesn't make a fuss about, is that a fashion is sometimes intended to make a fuss. The crinoline does not only appear in retrospect to fill the doorway; it was meant to do so, at the time. Mr. Joseph asserts flatly that the Code of Honour is fully accepted in the play, and later critics who see Hamlet as "torn between two moralities" appear as self-indulgent (p. 37); then he "proves" this by quotations which show that these conceptions of Honour were much argued about and often recognised to be un-Christian. Indeed, the more you take this cool tone about Hamlet, as a rightful king who had only to execute a criminal, the more outrageous you make his plan about Hell; ordinary opinion at the time, though it would think hideous bodily cruelty against a regicide quite normal, would be deeply shocked at refusing him the consolations of religion in the condemned cell. The taste for a desperate revenge was a smart fashion; it enjoyed being shocking; and the standard Christian morality went on firmly underneath it. I suspect indeed that the original play by Kyd, written before the stage was indulging the fashion, had a straightforward moral and presented this decision as the tragic error of Hamlet. But anyhow we are not as remote from the Elizabethan mind as these critics say; it need not be presented as a kind of beetle, which must definitely have either eight legs or six.

The first chapter of *Conscience and the King* gives as a specially clear example the use of the word "adulterate" by Hamlet, and claims to prove that this does not mean literal adultery by the Queen. It does not seem very important, but the evidence given is enough to refute the argument. Sermons were accustomed to generalise the seventh commandment, but even in doing so would recall the central meaning of the word. In the play, therefore, the suspicion it expresses would be as obvious then as it is now. We are told that when Hamlet says "To die, to sleep . . . perchance to dream" the thought is specifically Christian, as in saying that the death of a good man is his entry into "rest." This is an interesting point, because Hamlet has managed to give the impression of being a daring thinker while saying almost nothing to create alarm, and no doubt even here the hint of scepticism was a decently protected one. But I still think that many in the first audiences would easily pick it up. The book takes twenty pages to show that the Elizabethans often said "things are not always what they seem"; it feels like the orchestra in one of the Marx brothers' films which is found to be disappearing out to sea on a raft while still playing at full blast. It seems a pity not to have quotations from Ancient Egyptian as well as the bit from King Alfred. I also recommend the following historical reflection:

> Half a century after Shakespeare's death there were still people prepared to listen to conscience when it warned them against actions which would lead to punishment in the after-life.

It is a great relief to turn to M. Paris, whose approach is out of fashion among the English. He, too, gives plenty of history, but Copernicus and Montaigne and so forth are all bellowing into each others' ears in front of the footlights; there is no impulse to limit what Shakespeare meant, or make it "medieval"—he is in the thick of the Renaissance. The theory is that the three sons with fathers to avenge—Hamlet, Laertes and Fortinbras—are only one character, or rather the three aspects of the eternally recurring necessity to kill the father and thus renew the world; the rigour of the play, as I understand, is in this symbolism, and a playwright naturally has to make the characters a bit unnatural sometimes just to keep the rigour. Hamlet (who represents "conscience") can't settle the thing by killing Claudius because the first wrong was committed when old Hamlet killed old Fortinbras, on the day Hamlet was born; Fortinbras has to win. The points are forced through with delightful energy and neatness, and the quotations are in French so can be arranged to support them. When the Gravedigger, jeering at the laws against suicide as well as the evasion of them, says "an act hath three branches; that is, to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drowned herself wittingly," this turns up in French as an obvious picture of the three revengers: "*la représentation* (Hamlet), *l'action* (Laertes) *et l'achèvement* (Fortinbras)" (p. 178). If you suppose that Shakespeare meant this symbolism to be noticed when he wrote the remark for the clown, you make him silly; it would not be satirical if it did not appear fatuous. Indeed, I think it would be a wrong emphasis to make Fortinbras very prominent; the point is rather that his story works in the background. M. Paris does not face the problem of how his uncle can be King of Norway if his father while King of Norway lost all his inheritance to the King of Denmark. But it would be vaguely understood that these characters (as in Saxo) are feudal rather than royal; when old Fortinbras is said to have lost in the duel "all he stood seized on" the technical term would leave room for some convenient assumption. It is a plausible view that Shakespeare was summarising *two* old plays about Hamlet, the first of which gave a much fuller treatment of Fortinbras; our impression of his mysterious basic importance would then merely come because Shakespeare assumed the audience knew about him. But even so the effect is very good; the writing of Shakespeare has a weird coherence of tone, so that it seems reasonable to pick on any detail and say this was profoundly the right one to have chosen; I think even the forced point about the Gravedigger brings out a bit of number-magic.

M. Paris seems to me right in his main thesis; I only feel he need not have claimed novelty so much, and should have given credit, for instance, to Ernest Jones; whereas the prim shushing process which Mr. Joseph wants to impose seems to me a falsification of history.

W. EMPSON

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It is the third volume, and for the moment is to be the last, of her life story, and she has used for it the device that has already served her well—that of describing each stage by printing first the reflexions of maturity and then the letters written at the time, which are more effortless, pithier and often no less mature than her afterthoughts. The method was at its most successful in *Beyond Euphrates*, when the formed Freya was looking back at the shy, unknown yet shrewd and deserving Freya of the nineteen-twenties; then, the reader was in the secret of the girl's worth, and was drawn into the sympathies that are awakened by Catherine Morland or Jane Eyre. In this new volume, the gap has narrowed. The younger woman is already a Burton medallist, a name whispered from deck-chair to deck-chair in the P. & O., invited to Petworth and taken to see Baldwin and Maisky. As the element of contrast diminishes, the task of presentation is harder because there is a greater risk of repetition. This is further increased in the parts of the book that describe the two journeys to the Wadi Hadhramaut because these tell tales already told in *The Southern Gates of Arabia* and *A Winter in Arabia*.

Yet Miss Stark is great enough, as an artist not only in writing but in living, to stand up to

Oct 12

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the strain of a tale three times told. She succeeds because the main interest of the two volumes on her adult life lies not so much in her narrative as in the range of her outlook on human life and destiny. Security, insecurity and their effect upon all our natures is a subject to which she returns again and again without ever being trite or dull. It appeared in her earlier book when she dealt with her own poverty; in this one, it recurs chiefly in connection with the shadow of war—first in the Hadhramaut, where people constantly glowering at one another from the trenches between their houses develop a special capacity for distinguishing between the important and the unimportant, and, later, in Europe where she herself finds that "precariousness . . . gave a supernatural beauty to all good moments" during the uneasy years of Mussolini's and Hitler's march towards war.

Of the human portraits that she paints, two are of outstanding interest. The first, of course, is that of herself, though on her own showing this must be incomplete:

> The portion we see of human beings is very small: their forms and faces, voices and words, their age and race perhaps; beyond these, like an immense dark continent of which their obvious self is but a jutting headland, lies all that has made them—generations vanishing into the barbarous night, accidents and impacts not only upon themselves but upon their forebears . . . and when two human beings meet even in the most simple intercourse, it is not the tiny visible substances but the immense invisibles which come together.

Perhaps it is unfair to use the quotation in this context, for in describing herself Miss Stark does her best to map a substantial part of the mainland; "if one has the presumption to think the world interested in a portrait of oneself, it is at least decent to make the portrait as accurate as one can." And so there are frank passages about disagreeableness when in the company of the kind of women who like a regular life and committees, and about disappointments in love. One is left looking at a portrait of a woman discerning, determined, feminine to a fault, always stimulating, endlessly good company. Yet one is bound, out of sheer interest, to start speculating about other facets—particularly, from the remark that "absence is one of the most useful ingredients of family life," to guess that here is a person belonging to the enraging but engaging breed whom one always forgives at the moment of reunion.

The second interesting portrait is that of Sir Anton Besse—now well known on account of his generosity to Oxford, but then a remote figure at the centre of a medieval web of merchants and spices and agents sending newsletters by safe hand through the iron curtains of the day. The best of a splendid series of letters from Aden tells of his escape, dragging Freya in his wake, from the Christmas dinner-table for his staff and their wives into a launch and the dark waters beyond Aden harbour—a tossing waste of spray where "'*on se lave l'âme*,' said Monsieur Besse."

Anyone who reads so outstandingly good a book must shut its last page with regret. Yet most will agree with Miss Stark's decision that the sequel must wait; both her story and her way of telling it benefit by perspective, and the war years, with their unduly sharp highlights and shadows, need this more than most. The book ends, therefore, as she is summoned from a desk in the Ministry of Information to start her war service in Cairo and Aden. The last impression that it leaves is that of a small vessel disappearing into the murk with all sail set.

ELIZABETH MONROE

MODERNIST PRECURSORS

The Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse. Edited by JOHN HEATH-STUBBS AND DAVID WRIGHT. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

What, another one? And isn't there already a *Faber Book of Modern Verse*? However, the wrapper takes care of that: "*The Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse* does not supersede, but complements, *The Faber Book of Modern Verse*." The point is that Michael Roberts's anthology was compiled in the dust and heat of controversy about "Georgians" and "Modernists"; now that the dust has cleared, it should be possible to do justice to the more conservative poets that Michael Roberts excluded. This is what Mr. Heath-Stubbs and Mr. Wright have attempted. All the same, the title is misleading; a determination never to overlap with Michael Roberts, no less than a wish to complement him, has meant that this is certainly not the representative selection it seems to claim to be, in its title. Still, the dust-cover is quite frank about it: we get that representative selection only if we take this volume along with Michael Roberts's, and also, presumably, along with Mrs. Ridler's supplement to Roberts, which appeared in the new edition of two years ago.

If we take the three together in this way, we find Mr. Charles Madge on twelve pages with eight poems, Mr. W. S. Graham on ten pages with nine poems, and Robert Bridges on three pages with three poems. The late William Bell has seven pages to Sturge Moore's two. Hardy, Kipling and the late Sidney Keyes have six pages each. And Mr. George Barker gets twelve poems, where Mr. De La Mare gets three, together with a comment from Mr. Heath-Stubbs that, while "genuine metaphysical intuitions" entered into his poetry, "their full expression was inhibited by artificial conventions of diction and imagery." It appears that the scales are still tilted fairly heavily against the Edwardian and Georgian conservatives.

What is more to the point, the selections made from these poets are eccentric, not to say perverse. Mr. Heath-Stubbs and Mr. Wright are not so far above the battle as they think. Just as Victorian anthologists scoured the eighteenth century for "Romantic precursors," so these editors are interested in Edwardian poets chiefly when they can find them hinting at or fumbling for the things that have been done better since. So we have the curious spectacle of Mr. De La Mare *à la* Prufrock (*The Feckless Dinner Party*), and of Housman in touch with the White Goddess (*Her Strong Enchantments Failing*). I think this is wrong in principle. There is more to Kipling than a failed Wilfred Owen or Sassoon, though that is the picture one gets from *Five War Epitaphs* and the appallingly vulgar *Gethsemane*. And Rupert Brooke was never further from modernity than when he tried for it, in the ugly and silly *Channel Passage*.

There are plenty of Edwardians writing today, though only a few of them get into print. One of the youngest poets in this book, Mr. Charles Causley, is all Chesterton and Kipling jazzed up with a dash of Betjeman. Another, even younger, the late William Bell, exhibits, with his surging smoothness, one of the less creditable Edwardian manners. We are in no position to be impartial about the Edwardian and Georgian poets, because their virtues may or may not be our virtues, but their vices are certainly our vices, our own besetting temptations. Poets and their readers alike talk as if, having taken a stiff dose of Eliot and Empson, they are immune from the Georgian virus, as if Bridges and Chesterton and Kipling were now pre-historic. It isn't so. If only today we could write as well as these men did at their best! If only we weren't in constant danger of writing just as badly, and with the same sort of badness, as they did at their worst! We shan't get them out of our systems so long as we present their characteristic failings, the stridency of Kipling (his "vigour"), the frigidity of Bridges (his "restraint"), as the best things about them.

This collection has its pleasant surprises. Eccentricity has its own interest, and its own usefulness. Still, "eccentric" is the word.

DONALD DAVIE

EDIFICATION

The Cross and the Crown. By NORMAN BEASLEY. *Allen & Unwin*. 25*s*.

Mr. Beasley calls his book the History of Christian Science. It is nothing of the kind. History is generally assumed to be an examination of what happened and why it happened; and it is thought to be cheating if every event and cause is directly ascribed to Providence. The history of a religion with a Founder customarily begins with the Founder's birth. Not Mr. Beasley's: Mrs. Eddy appears almost fully grown—spiritually—at the age of forty-five after the great fall at Lynn where, according to her, she sustained incurable injuries and healed herself by faith, though, according to the doctor, she merely suffered concussion; and his history ends not exactly with her death—for that unpleasant topic is relegated to a footnote—but in a paean of testimony to the cures effected by her teaching during her lifetime. Even in this period there is plenty to occupy the historian. Did Mrs. Eddy claim, when her husband died, that he had been killed by arsenic? And did she later emend this to a charge of mesmeric poison mentally administered? Unfortunately for her, the Founder of Christian Science, unlike the founders of other religions the events of whose lives are lost in the mists of time, lived her life in an historically minded age with the result that her interpretation of what actually occurred has often been challenged. Mr. Beasley dismisses the charges with suave concern to see justice done; but as the evidence is never subjected to ordinary tests, the controversies which once raged about Mrs. Eddy still remain unresolved.

A history of this movement needs to be written and it is a theme which should make the ink in the pens of social historians flow faster. To what classes do the faithful belong? What proportion of them are women? What schisms or dissension illustrate the development of the creed? What have been the fortunes of the creed in Europe? Christian Science was a late nineteenth-century religion—Theosophy was another—which pro-

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JONATHAN CAPE

vided the material and spiritual comfort that a new rentier class demanded, reassured them that they were in touch with Higher Things, and titillated their desire to be in the van of modernity. What fears and aspirations does it assuage and satisfy, with what types of business is it associated, what kind of people are able to believe that evil is an illusion and matter does not exist? And by what means has this institution accommodated itself to modern society and what are its relations with the medical and teaching professions? Mr. Beasley does not concern himself with such questions and until someone does, we can turn only to that exceedingly ironical work *Our New Religion*, by H. A. L. Fisher: and he was an unregenerate liberal historian who believed in facts and truth.

Mr. Beasley's book is of course apologetics; and it seems to me that he has much to learn in this art from developments in the last fifty years. The first ally to call upon is form-criticism. Deny that any facts exist, and the whole weary business of defending Mrs. Eddy from this or that charge can be abolished. What have we, so the argument could run, but the beliefs of the faithful? Since history is only the record of what men thought was true we have an adequate testimony to what happened in the tradition of the Church. Then there are the metaphysics. At present the argument is unsatisfactorily circular. People are healed because they believe in the metaphysics of Christian Science; the metaphysics are true because they are healed. Here a vigorous, if debased, Kantianism will help. Natural scientists, rationalists and semantic philosophers resemble bees working to rule in their own hives; but reality is more than a hive, it is the universe at large and a different kind of knowledge is required to comprehend its workings; that system of metaphysics is best which includes most, and a metaphysic which can claim practical results as well as spiritual self-knowledge is obviously able to master both worlds of being simultaneously. To apply tests of logic or empirical examination to such a system is to be vulgar and benighted. When this has been established, the exact relations of malicious animal magnetism to error and of individual responsibility for error to reality can be revealed, and thence the neophyte can be led to understand why the interpretations put upon certain tricky passages in Scripture are inescapably compelling. As for the healings, let there be no suggestion that they are susceptible to examination by a clinical psycho-analyst: it must be clearly shown that surrender to this explanation of how the world works transforms a person's mental, as well as physical health. By these methods of argument the old-fashioned use of the words "truth" or "fact" can be eliminated and we are translated into the world of Higher Truth or Interprefacts. This kind of book, too, might be written. As it is the book before us is merely a work of piety unlikely to convince the unconverted: though no doubt the faithful will be—if the word may be used without the suspicion of a pun—edified.

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THE AMERICAN IRVING

Prince of Players: Edwin Booth. By ELEANOR RUGGLES. *Peter Davies.* 15*s.*

The British theatre public knows many American performers, excluding even those known to us through the film, but very little of their theatrical background. Very few of the visiting American "legitimate" theatre stars have established a lasting hold on our audiences, except of course the perennial Lunts, and in the history of Broadway quite a few of its shining lights turn out to be, like Miss Fontanne herself, English *émigrés*. It is not greatly oversimplifying the matter to say that Broadway is where English actors have gone to make money, London where the American actors have come to create prestige. The American who is a true theatregoer tends to know a great deal more about the history of our theatre than we do about his, and this is scarcely surprising. For, if you believe that the seal of a nation's theatre is finally set by its great plays and by its tragic actors and actresses, then, however excellent the rest may be, the seal of American theatre is not firmly stamped, for to count the indigenous tragic actors of international repute you need no more than the fingers of one hand, and of great tragic actresses of equal repute there have been none. This is not not to deny the American stage its own especial glory.

The first native American tragedian was Forrest, who "grew with his nation" and whose style, "the American style," Walt Whitman compared to that of a gladiator. He is drawn in this book as a singularly unlikeable and bitter man, jealous of his younger rival Edwin Booth and quite capable of being in part responsible for the terrible nationalistic riots, in which lives were lost, when Macready appeared in New York in 1849. Surprisingly, no mention is made of these riots in this biography of Booth, for bloodshed and violence were as much part of the framework of the gentle and sensitive Edwin Booth's career as was grief and ill health.

He was the son of Junius Brutus Booth who was born in London in 1796 and who, after a short apprenticeship in the gypsy-like, strolling-player life which had been also the school of Edmund Kean, came to London and dared to challenge that great actor by choosing Richard III for his debut. Junius Brutus "was a hard man for anyone to tether," and in 1821 we find him eloping with his current mistress or, as the present biographer puts it, "he engaged passage for himself and his gentle, fruitful sweetheart" to America. There were several Booth children, three of whom became actors. Edwin spent most of his childhood touring with his father, whose name could "fill any theatre in America." ("Don't you recognise him? It's Junius Brutus Booth. Drunk again. That's his son Edwin.")

His younger brother, John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, brought violence and sorrow into Edwin's life. His brother's crime led to Edwin's theatre being closed; he was questioned, his trunks searched, and he escaped lynching only by being smuggled out of New York. Cries went up: "Arrest all actors!" and angry crowds mobbed the stage-entrances. He wrote to a friend:

> I was two days ago the happiest man alive... Now what am I? Oh, how little did I dream, my boy, when on Friday night as Sir Edward Mortimer exclaiming, "Where is my honour now? Mountains of shame are piled upon me!" that I was not acting but uttering the fearful truth.

Some may be inclined to think that expression of grief and shame typical of an actor's superficial, easy emotion, but there can be no doubt that Booth felt deeply about John Wilkes's act to the end of his life. Long afterwards, in the Players' Club in New York, which he founded and where he died, a new member said that he had an interesting relic he would like to give to the club: "the playbill used at Ford's Theatre on the night when Lincoln was—." He stopped, but not in time. Booth had thrown up his hands and left the room.

One of the most interesting chapters in this immensely readable, popularised but not unscholarly biography of America's greatest actor concerns his last season in London in 1879. He and his wife left for England in high hopes. They were soon dashed. The Princess's Theatre, fashionable at the time of Booth's early visits to England, had suffered a decline and was now a house for melodramas. He opened with *Hamlet*. Three days later he was writing: "They tell me my success is *great*!!! and all that. But the Press damns me with faint praise—the audiences are cold and dead, truly British." All the time he played in London he had to bear, on top of his failure (only his *King Lear* was a critical success), the illness of his wife. "You can imagine the condition of my poor wits just now," he wrote. "Acting a madman every night and nursing a half-insane, dying wife all day, and night too—for that matter, I am scarce sane myself."

Booth went to see Irving in *The Bells* which he suggested had "rather a lot of red silk pocket-handkerchief about it." There is no record that Irving went to see Booth act, but if he did not it was for probably the same reasons that, as Ellen Terry records, he avoided seeing Salvini. But after three months he called on Booth and the outcome was the proposal of the interchange of Iago and Othello at the Lyceum. The critical reception seems to have been that both Iagos were of front rank, both Othellos of the second.

Booth returned to New York to greater acclaim than ever and the wound of London was later healed by unqualified success in Berlin and Vienna. In his comparatively early days he had been a heavy drinker and looked as if he might follow his great but dissolute father's pattern of life. His father, we remember, had acted with Kean, whose life and legend have served as the excuse for more than one actor's disorders. Edwin pulled himself out of the rut early, and lived until 1892. In 1890 he made some recordings, from which fragments his latest biographer finds evidence that Booth "would tower over the talents of today." Having heard them, the present writer finds this judgment emotional. Also her faint disparagement of Booth's contemporaries does not really do service to her subject. We must, I think, also discredit her use of certain anecdotes, such as the one when "on a Shylock day," someone offered Junius Brutus a pork sandwich which he threw to the floor exclaiming "Infidel dog!" This is offered as proof that he lived his parts all day!

But these are minor reservations and Eleanor Ruggles has composed a portrait which we can reasonably accept as that of a great actor, against the vivid background of nineteenth-century American theatre. Only one other book on a similar subject has done the job better—Joseph Jefferson, in his Autobiography, known here as *Rip Van Winkle*—and that is praise indeed.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

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THE YOUNG FREUD

Sigmund Freud: Life and Work. Vol. 1. By Ernest Jones. *Hogarth.* 27s. 6d.

Those whose business it is to understand (whenever they can) the views advanced by psychologists of different persuasions were greatly relieved to know that Freud's biography had been entrusted to Ernest Jones's wieldy hands. Relief at the prospect soon gave way to an expectant curiosity. How many skeletons, one wondered, would be released? And from whose cupboard would they emerge? In particular, how much could be revealed about those early years which have so far received only the scantiest treatment? If Dr. Jones was going to seal his lips, there seemed little hope that anyone else would or could unbutton. For Dr. Jones stands in much the same relation to the psychoanalytic movement as Nicholas Breakspear to the Roman Catholic Church. He was the only Englishman among those of Freud's close collaborators who, after the defection of C. G. Jung, bound themselves ceremoniously, even ritually, to avoid public disagreement without adequate warning and without utilising first the resources of private discussion and conciliation. Of this group ("The Committee") he is the only survivor. For some twenty years he presided over the International Psycho-Analytical Association (he remains Honorary President), and his first-hand knowledge of the meetings, publications, disputes and reconciliations within this body is unrivalled.

This volume is the first of three. It deals with the years 1856-1900, before and immediately after Freud's earliest ventures into psychopathology. For the first time—I intend no disrespect to the careful but necessarily incomplete researches of Dr. Bernfeld—Freud's contribution to physiology and neurology has been adequately assessed (it is unfortunate, as a recent reviewer of the *Gesammelte Werke* points out, that the early papers have still not been reprinted, though it is some comfort that the monograph on Aphasia is soon to appear in translation). More than fifteen years of Freud's life, from the time he began his medical training in 1873, were devoted mainly to these studies.

His first physiological research, whose results were communicated in 1877, concerned the gonads of the male eel, a puzzling and unsettled problem dating from Aristotle's time. The fact that his own endeavours in this microspherical discipline yielded only inconclusive results, despite the four hundred or so eels he dissected, caused him grave dissatisfaction, and now tempts Dr. Jones to comment, in a memorable footnote, that the "future discoverer of the castration complex was disappointed at not being able to find the testes of the eel." The succeeding years saw a creditable output of scientific papers—though their author's exacting standards did not permit him to see them in this light—a growing interest in psychology, and an accumulation of obstacles of every kind in his personal as well as his academic life. He was poor, he was in love but because he was poor could not marry; he ran up against anti-Semitism in powerful quarters, and was denied the promotion which his scientific colleagues thought his due. He was quarrelsome, moody, uncertain of his future and, most of the time, of himself. Yet the work got done, was highly thought of by the leading physiologists of the day, and laid the foundations for the empirical and determinist views which, applied to human psychology, were later to arouse opposition beyond anything he had so far met with.

The chapters which Dr. Jones devotes to this period are of the greatest interest, not only in the account he gives of the actual researches undertaken, or of the notorious cocaine setback, when Freud was accused of introducing the "third scourge of humanity," but in his assessment of the intellectual debt which Freud owed and acknowledged to Helmholtz and Darwin, and in a lesser degree to Fechner, Lipps and Exner. But of still more general interest are the episodes relating to Freud's personal development. Here, it is greatly to Dr. Jones's credit that he has refrained from "retouching" the portrait, leaving the blemishes to add perspective to a character of remarkable force and integrity.

It would be easy, indeed, by selective quotation from this volume to present a convincing if unfamiliar likeness—that of a pettish, vain, self-centred, mildly ridiculous creature, lacking in humour, prone to superstition, confident only in the less admirable conventions of his time. For the last ten years or so of the period covered in the present volume "there is ample evidence . . . (that) . . . he suffered from a very considerable psychoneurosis." References to his "neurasthenia," his mood swings, and his depression are common both in his own letters and the testimony of others: at various times he seems to have suffered from a whole catalogue of complaints, nowadays labelled "psychosomatic," whose mechanism is about as little understood as this name would suggest. He valued the good opinion of his tailor, he said, as much as that of his Professor, and one feels uneasily that no jest was intended. His prudishness at this time led him to apologise for mentioning the word "stocking" and produced a stern refusal to allow Martha Bernays, his future wife, to associate with "an old friend, recently married, who, as she delicately put it, 'had married before her wedding'". (There were, however, other objections to this lady, says Dr. Jones). Then there was the terribly difficult problem posed by Martha, who wanted to learn to skate. "Freud sternly refused . . . because it might necessitate her being arm in arm with another man than himself." Happily, he was "not quite sure on the point, so he asked his friend Paneth for a ruling. Three days later he granted permission, but on condition that she was to skate unaccompanied."

By quoting out of context certain of his letters to Martha (they exchanged 1,500 during their four-year engagement) this unfavourable impression could be strengthened. Yet there are many passages from these letters which show him in a totally different light. For instance, his treatment of one of the miniature but certainly acute problems of his engagement:

> We have just now such a heat wave as might be the cause of the most affectionate lovers parting. I picture the process thus. The girl is sitting in a corner as far as she can from the burning windows. He, whose love is even hotter than the thermometer, suddenly comes across to her and implants a warm kiss on her lips. She gets up, pushes him away and cries out peevishly: "Go away, I am too hot." He stands there for a moment bewildered, his features betray one emotion after another, and finally he turns round and leaves her. That bitter, unimaginably bitter, feeling he takes with him, against which he is quite helpless, I know myself. What she may be thinking is hidden from me, but I believe she rails at him and comes to the conclusion, "if he is so petty as to feel hurt at that, he can't love me." That is what comes of the heat.

Freud's handling of this question makes it easier to understand how the weightiest difference of opinion recorded in their marriage was over "whether mushrooms should be cooked with or without their stalks." His delightful tribute to Josef Breuer—"One does not adequately characterise him by only saying good things about him; one has also to emphasise the absence of so much badness—"exemplifies once more his characteristic charm and perceptiveness.

Perhaps the highest compliment one can pay Dr. Jones is to disagree with his prefatory "It is not a book that would have met with Freud's own approval." It is true that Freud came to feel that he had made public more than enough of his private life: in the 1935 postscript to *An Autobiographical Study* he remarked that:

> The public has no claim to learn any more of my personal affairs—of my struggles, my disappointments, and my successes. I have . . . been more open and frank . . . than people usually are who describe their lives for their contemporaries or for posterity. I have had small thanks for it, and from my experience I cannot recommend anyone to follow my example.

Yet if Dr. Jones has depicted this honest and sensitive man as accurately as it appears, I do not believe that Freud would have found it in him to disapprove of the kindly wisdom which his biographer has brought to the task, nor to dissent from his family's decision to accord Dr. Jones every facility.

Perhaps even, he might have refrained from the twice repeated holocaust in which he destroyed practically every document dealing with the earliest years of his life. In which case Dr. Jones would have been saved the humiliation of dismissing thirteen years of "Boyhood and Adolescence" in thirteen pages. But then it would perhaps not have been seemly—even had it been possible—to psychoanalyse the founder of psychoanalysis. With this limitation Dr. Jones has made excellent use of his material, and the result is a book of distinction and lasting importance.

Anthony Harris

THE CAT AND THE MOON

W. B. Yeats and T. Sturge Moore: Their Correspondence 1901-1937. Edited by Ursula Bridge. *Routledge.* 20s.

Until the definitive edition of Yeats's letters is made available, each new accession is something of an event. The correspondence with Katharine Tynan was, perhaps, a little disappointing; but there is no occasion whatever to complain of the present volume. The connection between the two correspondents was close and many-sided; they exchanged poems, criticised each other's work with freedom and point, and Sturge Moore did the cover-designs for many of the editions of Yeats's poems. He was also competent and clear-headed enough to engage Yeats in a vigorous philosophical controversy, that ranges good-humouredly over what is probably the most fruitful period of the Letters, from 1925 to 1927. But the whole series is full of profitable and exciting things: Yeats—brilliant and unpredictable, practical and transcendental by turns—is matched by the more sober and on the whole

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more profound Moore, who could invoke the strong name of his brother, G. E. Moore, in philosophical argument.

Here, then, are some random samples:

When a man is so outrageously in the wrong as Shaw he is indispensable [to the Academic Committee of English Letters] if it were for no other reason than to fight people like Hewlett, who corrupt the truth by believing in it. (Yeats)

I had always understood that Chesterton and Belloc were the two buttocks of one bum. Now I learn that you are as strongly for the one as against the other?!! I doubt whether Belloc has any French instincts left, certainly no academical ones. I shall vote against him. (Moore)

Yeats in sickness:

My life has been too exciting it seems and I must now pay for it. A book with me has been like a drinking bout, or at any rate the doctor seems to think so, having questioned me in vain for more normal excesses.

I am told that during delirum—temperature 105—I dictated a letter to George Moore telling him to eat salt because it is the symbol of eternity.

Or again, more normally, "Have you read Wyndham Lewis's new book? What an entangled Absalom!"

We have throughout sayings and hints that fill in most usefully our knowledge of Yeats and of his poems: this is less true of Moore. We see Yeats's concern with symbols and his elaborate directions for their design. "My main symbols are Sun and Moon (in all phases), Tower, Mask, Tree (Tree with Mask hanging on the trunk), Well." How close the minds of the two men lay can be seen by Moore's description of his design for a book-plate for Anne Yeats:

It represents a girl, younger or older according to choice, dancing in a single half-transparent garment in the light of a more than half moon on a rocky islet in an animated but not rough sea. The shape of the moon sets the tune for those of the child's dress, the light on the rocks and for the waves of the sea; the tower rocks in the same way [to] keep time with the frame.

Much of the philosophical portion of the correspondence takes its point of departure from The Strange Case of Ruskin's Cat. In Yeats's own words:

John Ruskin, while talking with Frank Harris, ran suddenly to the other end of the room, picked up, or seemed to pick up, some object which he threw out of the window. He then explained that it was a tempting demon in the form of a cat.

But the visionary cat, whether demonic or not, is only the beginning. We are soon deep in G. E. Moore's *Refutation of Idealism*, Bertrand Russell's *A.B.C. of Relativity*, spirit photographs, and Berkeley's metaphysics. For Yeats seemed to be violently excited at the suggestion of some philosophical justification for visions and for mind-created forms:

I once saw a seer lift a dream stone from the ground with an obvious sense of its weight. That stone too exists. Thank God; it is such a simplification.

He gets, I think, the worst of the argument: but it is of much interest to note the relationship of the period of "philosophical" reading to that of great creative activity.

I am reading that bald-pate [Bertrand Russell] daily. When I read him before I knew little, but now for four years I have read nothing but philosophy and I understand what has happened. The scientific and psychological parts are amazingly acute, but as for philosophy—the bald-pate sprouts radishes.

But there are many gleanings for the reader of Yeats's work, both poems and plays. The book is admirably arranged and printed, and the editor is to be congratulated on her conquest of Yeats's illegibility; though something has no doubt been lost in modernizing his spelling. The notes are brief, clear, impersonal, a model of their kind; Miss Bridge has avoided the common temptation to embroider them with editorial opinions. Altogether a most valuable contribution.

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"Of course a jury *might* go wrong," said Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, answering an interrupter in the House on April 14, 1948; "the Court of Criminal Appeal might go wrong, as might the House of Lords and the Home Secretary. They might all be stricken mad and go wrong. But the honourable member is moving in a realm of fantasy when he makes that suggestion." Another sometime Home Secretary, Sir John Anderson, said the same thing in the same debate. Home Secretaries have said it for generations. "Disbelief in miscarriages of justice," says Mr. Silverman in this book, "is in the case of Home Secretaries almost an occupational disease."

We all know now that Timothy John Evans would not have been convicted, within a few months of these confident assertions, if the facts that came out in the Christie case had then been known.

The most worrying aspect of the Evans case [writes Mr. Paget] is precisely that Evans's guilt appeared so clearly proved. No criticism can be directed against judge, jury, counsel or police, and yet the apparently cast-iron case was unquestionably a false one.

You do not have to agree (I don't myself) that the conduct of the Evans case was above reproach, but it was at least typical; and the ghastly contrast, in cross-examination, between the illiterate, lying, doomed lout and the practised Treasury counsel is immeasurably the more painful for knowing that Evans would be acquitted on the evidence as we have it today.

Mr. Paget's brilliantly succinct account concludes with the text of Mr. Scott Henderson's first report (the second was not available when he wrote, but it answers none of his points), an astonishing description of the obstructions that Mr. Henderson put in the way of Counsel—to be overruled repeatedly by the Home Office—and a reprint of the Commons debate initiated by Mr. Geoffrey Bing. But in my view Mr. Paget's outstanding contribution, to a book that may have a decisive effect on public feeling at this important moment in the history of capital punishment, is not his careful demolition of the case against Evans and the Scott Henderson report. It is his analysis of the reasons why innocent men "confess" to the police through "the creation and sudden release of an anxiety state." One must remember that Evans, like Christie and his wife, had been shown to be a pathological liar:

Evans would be told that he was wanted in London and that two detectives had arrived to fetch him. Why was he being taken to London? . . . one can imagine the sort of night he spent. One can imagine the silent journey with the two uncommunicative, horribly incurious detectives. . . .

These silent journeys in trains and police cars, the very product, perhaps, of judicial restrictions on the questioning of suspects, merit a new Edgar Allan Poe.

Mr. Silverman deals with the case of Walter Graham Rowland, hanged in 1947 for a murder to which David John Ware, while a fellow-prisoner, had already confessed. When Ware found that his confession, circumstantially exact as it was, had not been accepted (and there was an inquiry similar to Mr. Scott Henderson's), he withdrew it—and came out of prison in due course to commit a similar crime and go to Broadmoor. Like Mr. Paget, Mr. Silverman brings a lawyer's mind to the task of examining the evidence, but he looks at it piecemeal, interrupting the court dialogue to discuss each circumstance in the wholly circumstantial evidence, and showing that it can bear an explanation as consistent with Rowland's innocence as with his guilt. You can usually do this with circumstantial evidence, as it is the only kind available in most murder cases. At the end you can be as far from the truth as a man who has chemically analysed an affidavit. Yet Mr. Silverman's analysis does clearly show that Rowland should not have been convicted, that the Court of Criminal Appeal was wrong in refusing to hear evidence of Ware's confession (it had its own precedent for allowing it), and that the case should have gone, on that point alone, to the House of Lords.

It also shows the futility of most evidence of identity, other than finger-prints, and especially of "identification" in court, a farce so monstrous that its toleration by the judges seems to me totally inexplicable:

MR. NIELD: Looking round this court, do you see the man who was with these two women? Look carefully everywhere.

A. Yes, sir, *that* is the gentleman.

Q. Which is the chap?

A. That gentleman over there.

MR. JUSTICE SELLARS: *The man between the two police officers?*

A. Yes, sir.

Who else would be sitting between two police officers? But this is done in the courts every day, only a few of the witnesses having the presence of mind to put on a slight start of surprise when they find that the man in the dock is, in fact, the man in the dock. The other method of identification, the "parade" at which the suspect takes his place in a row of similar people, has had some bad failures lately, but it is an honest attempt to be fair. Mistaken identity, says Mr. Silverman, citing Oscar Slater and Adolf Beck, "has led to more miscarriages of justice than any other single cause, some of them famous and sensational cases."

Mr. Hollis's objection to capital punishment, pithily expressed in an "epilogue" without reference to special cases, is not so much that it is barbaric as that it is stupid. He is unable, as I am, to understand why its abolition here would mean more deaths while in thirty-six other countries it appears (as far as you can compare like with like) to have left the murder rate about the same. His essay, in which he contemplates the supporters of the death penalty with genuine astonishment, makes a dignified postscript to an absorbing, authoritative and urgently topical book.

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BERNARD BERENSON: Caravaggio. Seeing and Knowing. *Chapman & Hall.* 18s. *each.*
ANTHONY BLUNT: Art and Architecture of France 1500-1700. *Penguin.* 42s.
E. T.-CONRAD: Mantegna: Illustrated Catalogue Raisonné. *Phaidon.* 35s.
DOUGLAS COOPER and ANTHONY BLUNT: The Courtauld Collection of Paintings. *Athlone Press.* 84s.
ROGER HINKS: Caravaggio. *Faber.* 50s.
J. LEES-MILNE: The Age of Inigo Jones. *Batsford.* 42s.
ANDRÉ MALRAUX: The Voices of Silence. *Secker & Warburg.* £6.
E. DE MARE: Gunnar Asplund. *Newman Neame.* 10s. 6d.
JOHN SUMMERSON: Architecture in Britain 1530-1830. *Penguin.* 42s.
A. VALLENTIN: El Greco. *Museum Press.* 30s.

Autobiography and Memoirs

L. S. AMERY: My Political Life, Vol. II: War and Peace, 1914-29. *Hutchinson.* 25s.
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JAMES BOSWELL (Ed. Pottle): The Grand Tour. *Heinemann.* 25s.
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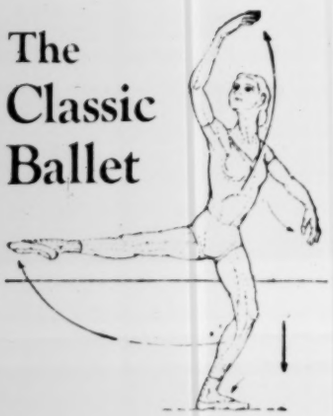

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Books in General

"BETTER, it seems, than anyone else writing today, Malraux has told us that eternity includes the twentieth century." So Professor Frohock ends his book.* He begins it, inevitably since his subject is almost as formidable a figure of legend as he is a writer, and the two not always easily distinguishable, with a statement of "the mixture of verifiable fact and unverifiable gossip which surrounds Malraux." Even when the embroideries of gossip have been torn away, Malraux's record as a man of action is impressive enough. Perhaps he never was a member of the Kuomintang Committee of Twelve with Chiang Kai-shek, but certainly, as he told Edmund Wilson, he was "*commissaire du Kuomintang en Indochine et enfin à Canton.*" Before then, as an archaeologist at the age of twenty-three, he had surveyed the ruined Buddhist temples along the abandoned Royal Road of Cambodia, and served at any rate part of a prison sentence in the jail at Pnompenh. Later, he was to discover from the air the lost city of the Queen of Sheba in Southern Arabia. In the Spanish War, he helped to organise the Republican Air Force and flew with it. Then, in the more recent war, he was a member of a tank-crew in the French Army until he was captured by the Germans in 1940, after which he became a leading figure in the Resistance and, as Colonel Berger, one of the commanders of the Alsace-Lorraine Brigade which liberated Strasbourg. There followed the brief political career, with Malraux as de Gaulle's lieutenant and his Minister of Information in November, 1945. Reading the account of Malraux's extra-literary life, one recalls the joke he told in a newspaper interview in 1945:

> You know the English story of how, at the peace conference, Hitler appears before Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, who after consideration realise that he has increased or reinstated their power. At this point, Hitler, with a Chaplin gesture, tears off his moustache and forelock and, as he shows his true face, says: "Colonel Lawrence, Gentlemen," bows and departs.

This fictitious Hitler could as well have said: "André Malraux, Gentlemen."

Lawrence has always fascinated Malraux, whose book on him, *Le Démon de l'absolu*, though unpublished, was rumoured to be finished soon after the war, and the parallel between them has been drawn. The two men have their obvious resemblances; both maintain an ambiguous attitude to the legends that have gathered round them; together, they are the most striking instances in our time of the fairy-tale hero who leaves home and returns—changed. Each in his own way has undergone the ordeal that changed Dostoevsky when, bound and dressed in the white shirt of the condemned, he faced the firing squad: Lawrence's Semyonovsky Square was perhaps the encounter with the Bey at Deraa, Malraux's something that occurred, maybe, on the Royal Road.

Yet when we set them side by side it is the differences rather than the similarities that impress. One way of putting this is simply to ask the question, What would have happened to Lawrence, what would he have become, if there had been no World War? Not, certainly, anyone comparable to Aircraftman Shaw, and it is surely unlikely that he would have written anything of the intention and scope of *Seven Pillars*. We should have had, in all likelihood, an exceedingly distinguished professor of archaeology, a man to be placed alongside Leonard Woolley but not Malraux. Lawrence, in so far as he was an artist at all, was an artist by accident; at one level, at the level of intention, his great book is analogous to the memoirs of any eminent politician who feels he must justify the part he has played, or failed to play, in the history of his time.

But Malraux was an artist from the beginning and is an artist all the time. During the Thirties it was commonly thought that he was an unusual kind of reporter who recorded in brilliant imitation-fictions actions he had himself taken part in; rather as though Michael Collins should have written novelised accounts of his warfare against the English and the I.R.A. It is one of the virtues of Professor Frohock's book that, carefully collating what is narrated in *Les Conquérants* and *La Condition humaine* with what actually happened, as a matter of history, in Canton and Shanghai at the dates of the novels, he explodes this belief. He shows that when history did not provide Malraux with what he wanted "he took matters into his own hands." Malraux, in his Chinese novels at all events, was not writing disguised autobiography; whether he took part or not in the actions described is irrelevant; if he did, its value for him was as raw material to be shaped and ordered in such a way as to express his vision of man, a vision that demands for its complete embodiment the extreme situations of war and revolution.

Much misunderstanding of Malraux could doubtless have been avoided if he had written *The Psychology of Art* fifteen years earlier than he did. The role of art in human life is for Malraux not less important than the role of action; the two are complementary and art gives depth to action. As Professor Frohock shows, Malraux's theme throughout his novels and his art criticism is always the same theme: the nature of man. His vision of man's fate is essentially Pascal's, whose words he has quoted and echoed time and again:

> Imagine a large number of men in chains, and all condemned to death, every day some of them being butchered before the others' eyes, the remainder realising their own plight from the plight of their fellows. . . . This is the picture of man's estate.

But Malraux is not a Christian; for him there is no mitigating factor, much less a transcending principle; and at bottom his greatness both as novelist and art critic rests on the integrity with which he has measured himself against his vision. Man, as he says more than once in *Les Noyers de l'Altenbourg*, "is the only species that has learnt—and learnt so badly—that it can die." Hence the importance in his work of the extreme situation, of the confrontation of death in war, in prison or in the jungle. Malraux is the apostle of the good death: through the conscious choice of the way he shall die, the tragic hero rises above what he has called the world man undergoes, and transforms it into the world he dominates.

Here, his finest work is *La Condition humaine*. Malraux is perhaps the last great novelist in the Romantic tradition: the archetype of his heroes is Prometheus, and as one reads his later work the final stanzas of Demagorgon in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* involuntarily ring through the mind. In his early novels, however, in *Les Conquérants* and *La Voie royale*, he is romantic in a rather different way, a way which might have qualified him for inclusion, if he had written earlier, in Signor Praz's *The Romantic Agony*. Such a character as Perken, in *La Voie royale*, is a masochist on the grand scale: suffering is necessary to him because while he can suffer he knows he is alive; and at the root of his intransigence and that of his fellow-spirit Grabot, the man who "spared no pains to keep his liberty of action," there is, significantly, sexual abnormality. There is nothing in these novels quite to prepare one for the sublime death of Katow in *La Condition humaine*, when, giving his potassium cyanide to two Chinese comrades, he deliberately chooses death by burning alive in the furnace of the locomotive.

But the good death is not the only way by which man can dominate the world. There is also art. It is "art's very nature to seek to 'possess' space, time, and the possible, and to achieve this end by wresting them from the world man *undergoes*, and including them in the world he *dominates*." Art, as Malraux tells us in the last paragraphs of *The Psychology of Art*, is "one of the loftiest of the secret yet compelling forces which testify to the might and honour of being a man." And art and action come together as clues to the nature of man in the fragmentary, unfinished *Les Noyers de l'Altenbourg*, to which *The Psychology of Art* is in some ways a footnote in two volumes—the considered refutation, in terms of the history of art, of the Spenglerian nihilism that silences the assembled savants at Altenburg and that Vincent Berger can oppose only by an act of faith. The act of faith is itself something new in Malraux's world, though foreshadowed in *L'Espoir*. It is the belief in human solidarity, so wonderfully rendered in the description of the first gas attack on the Eastern Front in 1915, when the German soldiers, dropping their weapons, bring in the asphyxiated Russians across the suddenly dead earth to the ambulance-stations, a scene the horror of which is summed up in the German N.C.O.s' cry, "Man wasn't born to rot!"

Professor Frohock, following up, with the aid of recent American applications of anthropology to literary theory, some enigmatic and seemingly casual remarks Malraux throws off on shamanism in *Les Noyers*, decides that Malraux himself is a shaman type. The argument is too long and complex for summary here, but at least it shows how apposite Malraux is when he applies the word to Dostoevsky, Hölderlin and Poe. The shaman, we are told,

* *André Malraux and the Tragic Imagination.* By W. M. FROHOCK. *Stanford University Press: Oxford.* 32s.

is capable "of enduring great hardships of self-imposed isolation, through which he attains, in the eyes of his tribe, a supernatural sanction." The pattern of his being is that of withdrawal, enlightenment and return. He returns as the possessor of special knowledge. That the pattern corresponds to the facts of Malraux's life there can be little doubt. He is, one would assume, once again in the stage of withdrawal. May we hope soon for his return, with the enlightenment enshrined in a new work of fiction.

WALTER ALLEN

THE FOOL'S SONG OF TOMORROW

(Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance)

Who killed Tomorrow?
Tomorrow died yesterday.
Who killed Tomorrow
When the world would be free?
There'd be bluebirds all over,
We'd live pigs in the clover,
Oh the roses Tomorrow would redden the sea.

I'll wrap up Tomorrow
In a brown paper parcel,
In my jacket of green
Where no one will see,
I'll wrap up Tomorrow
In a brown paper parcel,
Oh the flowers of Tomorrow I'll pluck from the sea.

Who killed Tomorrow
But that little cock sparrow
Who yesterday flew to the top of the tree,
With his neat little note
From his neat little throat
He killed Tomorrow as sure as can be;
Oh the flowers of Tomorrow he drowned in the sea.

No, never no more
Shall we sing of Tomorrow,
Between Larne and Stranraer
Tomorrow went down;
It was coming to this land,
It would reach us in that land,
Oh deeper than plummet Tomorrow was drowned.

But I'll wrap up Tomorrow
In my tarpaulin jacket,
While the clocks and the wheels
And the seasons go round,
And if anyone asks me:
Say, where is Tomorrow?
I'll point to the sea where Tomorrow was drowned.

I'll wrap up Tomorrow
In a length of lawn linen,
I'll wrap up Tomorrow
In my love's petticoat,
And I'll steal it away
Where no one will find it;
Oh the flowers of Tomorrow shall come thieves in the night.

Who killed Tomorrow?
Tomorrow died yesterday.
You may seek the world over—
No Tomorrow you'll find;
But when his burning arrow
Will pierce that cock sparrow
Then the flowers of Tomorrow shall redden the ground.

Today is Tomorrow till his trumpet shall sound.

EWART MILNE

THE HORATIAN RESPONSE

Humanities. By DESMOND MACCARTHY. *Macgibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

If the sixth volume of "collected MacCarthy" delights less than the first, it is only that, being briefer, it hints an end. Some pieces have been reprinted from earlier volumes (those on Chekhov, I fancy); there's quite a mixture of memory, reporting, stories, essays on writers and the theatre. Yet the effect is not in the least scrappy. MacCarthy's interests were many, but he had one responsiveness, one voice. His critical voice is no different from his musing or story-telling voice; and how rare that is! Interpretation was for him a participation in which warm and cool delightfully mingled. He admired, compared, weighed, tested, but even more he sought and distinguished pleasures. It wasn't necessary for him to reverence a writer in order to enjoy him; faults and foibles he even found endearing, as even a poor play could never quite destroy his evening at the theatre. By being there he seemed to draw attention to merits and light up possibilities; the footlights of a better play would be turned up in his head if in no one else's; and his notice, when it came to be written, would enhance experience. Such kindness could be extended without any cheapening of currency. On Ibsen, Chekhov, and Shaw he wrote with a discrimination and insight that left other English critics miles behind: witness, here, the essays on *The Cherry Orchard* and *Ghosts*. Mistakes of production, points missed, weaknesses in the authors themselves, add to our understanding no less than the embrace of Ibsen's "joy of life" or Chekhov's "farewells."

Without imperfection, he might have asked, where should we find footholds? Art is only less of a compromise than living, and we shouldn't despise those who find the struggle uneven. "I like Leigh Hunt," he begins; and goes on, not to excuse him or flatter his talent, but to reveal him with an amused respect few have directed that way. Hunt was, especially in relation with Byron, nervously vulgar, deceitful, humiliated; his domesticities provided Dickens with a not unjustified caricature; it needed Carlyle to discover, emerging out of this chaos, a chivalrous if battered figure, "one of the most innocent men I ever saw in man's size . . . transparent, many-glancing, really beautiful"—if it weren't for earthly attachments—eating with astonished rapture a late-at-night porridge at the Carlyle's. I don't think anyone could get half through MacCarthy's account without sharing his liking, and his qualified admiration too. Of Chekhov he writes elsewhere that in him

> penetration and sympathy are not successive movements of the mind, but simultaneous; a single faculty, thanks to which no weakness escapes him or remains unpardoned. It is a subtler justice.

A subtler justice—that is exactly what MacCarthy accords those he portrays or criticises: the two are with him hardly divisible.

If he wrote better about the writers he knew (James and Moore) and about the dead whom everyone knows, than about uncongenial or young contemporaries, it was chiefly because he had more evidence to go on, a deeper range of colours to use. His "conservatism" is well defined here in "Reviewers and Professors" when he warns a would-be critic against trusting his unassisted instinct.

> They—we—are coral insects building the reef that protects the lagoon of literature from the restless sea of nonsense and confusion. Strong waves will burst against it, and part of them foam over. That is well; but the reef must be built. If you are not content to be an insect too, I won't employ you, and you must try your luck as a genius. My dear, the sensibility of your own generation is only the tick of a minute-hand. If you set up to read the clock, you must watch the hour-hand as well.

He hated irresponsibility in a critic, whether it was Mr. Eliot disparaging Milton because he liked Dryden; or Arnold Bennett breezily dismissing Leslie Stephen; both are lightly, and unanswerably, rebuked.

Humanities ends with those two stories, *The Mark on the Shutter* and *The Bear*, which have made many—including MacCarthy himself—ask why he didn't write more stories. The answer may have been laziness, journalistic habit, the immediate rewards of talk, or—as Lord David Cecil suggests in his preface—an inability to sustain the tedium of long enterprises. Put positively this means simply that he had a talent for critical portraiture, which was most admirably employed. Any reader of sensibility coming on MacCarthy here for the first time would certainly hurry on to find more of him. This volume, by the way, has been most skilfully assembled by Mr. T. R. Fyvel, and no better title could have been chosen.

G. W. STONIER

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The School for Wives. By ANDRÉ GIDE. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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The School for Wives is a note on marriage. Written roughly a quarter of a century ago, it shows no mark of time, still less of place. Like so much else of Gide, it seems to be outside time and place and character: not comfortably outside but uncomfortably, as if it would like to break in and have a good meal. Schooled readers know, however, that M. Gide never allows his works to get away from him. Their hopes of perpetrating anything vulgar are slim from the start; treatment proceeds, rebellious hopes die, the finished work joins the creditable ranks of Gide's model convicts.

Was it right for the Governor to enjoy his job? I have to overcome a feeling of distaste on being shown round or watching a particular case demonstrated. This Governor—he is not one of those grey, neutral men, hiding a kind heart under a stern manner. He has no charm, no humour, no romance, no robust, natural, attractively awkward ways. Though his duties include nothing obviously unpleasant—executions or other cold violences—he can subtly discourage, pare down, martyrize.

It is by ability that he fascinates: by this that he makes the wires of the brain glow, as Indian hemp is said to do. Here, in reports by wife, husband, daughter, are separate versions of a marriage begun in joy, ended in disillusion. Eveline, loving Robert the idealist who is going to do great things, discovers tardily that he is also a pretentious hypocrite. Robert, defending himself, says:

> And yet it was not with me that Eveline had fallen in love, but with the man I was desirous of being. And now she seemingly reproached me at one and the same time for wishing to become different from what I was and for not having perfectly succeeded.

Those two sentences are the solution to Gide's anagram. There is no other solution, no further point. The notion of a character of genuinely noble aspirations, who nevertheless cannot help turning every action to his own advantage or comfort, is itself interesting. Gide does not go into this—in fact, by hanging Robert's "goodness" to his Catholic piety, he makes the notion more finicky, more perfunctory, than it is and less modern. And when Gide tries—as he does try, with coffee spoons and paper knives—to be a caricaturist with a farcical, melodramatic sense of situation similar to that of Dickens—oh, the embarrassing difference! It is only his riveting ability that never sleeps.

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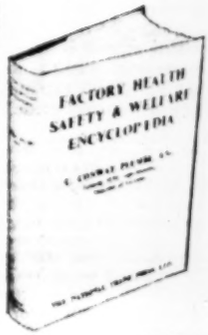

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"I put it in my wallet," he mentions, the carnation having already lasted for about a year. Fortunately this boy, who divides his time between Fascist politics, school feuds, and romantic lust, has also a far more readable liaison with a drug-selling demi-prostitute, Zobeida, while his best friend, Tarquinio, sensibly sets about the seducing of Giovanna. "There are abysses, my friend . . ," says Tarquinio. Pleasant reading—there are abysses of which Signor Vittorini seems pleasantly innocent.

Who will enjoy *The Hussar on the Roof*? If you are looking for a well-read blacksmith with an eye for business, an ear for a story, a head crammed with superstitious philosophy, and plenty of time, M. Giono is your man. These homely philosophers may turn out to be Blakes—or, at least, figures in a Third Programme Renaissance. You never can be sure, and I am not sure about Giono. He takes us through a cholera epidemic which devastated Provence in 1838. 1838! Hm. A date. In that year the birds of Provence acquired such a taste for human flesh that they tried, with songs of "persuasive tenderness, of amorous power," to persuade the living to die.

> They had the patience of angels. They said what they had to say diligently and soulfully. It seemed to them to have a meaning of indisputable logic. After having expressed themselves directly and with some authority, they paused and waited for a surrender to their prayers. Then they began again, requesting the same thing and giving the excellent reasons they had for doing so, dwelling over velvety roulades, very sweet, very bewitching, very sad. Finally, after perhaps an hour of this, they began to put a certain sharpness into their demands.

Very good. I have seen hens behave like that. But there are also Angelo and Pauline, travelling together through the plague country. At the end of their journey, which is interesting as well as necessary, they are as chaste as at the start; a fat intellectual, who finally shelters them, explains that the true cause of cholera is a "start of pride" and adds that:

> The best remedy would be to be preferred. But, as you can see, one has nothing to offer *in exchange*, to replace this new passion. That's to say, we keep on looking for a specific capable of neutralizing the toxic attack, according to the formula of the wise-acres, when what is wanted is to make oneself preferred, offer more than is given by that start of pride: in a word, to *be stronger, or more handsome, or more seductive*, than death.

Long-winded, ill-fitting, this is not quite ridiculous. *As You Like It*, plus a plague, minus Jacques and Touchstone: such this pastoral epic.

The Spaniard is exciting, it ought to be a best-seller but may be a little too odd. It tells the story of a young Spaniard who woos and wins an English girl in the course of murdering four Germans who have raped his sister. The Spaniard, nabbed by civil war, escapes to England, where sandwiches, bad coffee, the Underground, the whole bag and baggage of British routine, take on the lurid dignity of a world seen through Spanish eyes. But the author is an English solicitor. I congratulate him. This concentrated story is more than nine and sixpence-worth of suspense and atmosphere.

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FATHER OF THE HOUSE

Orders of the Day. By EARL WINTERTON. *Cassell.* 21*s*.

Explaining why the newly elected working-class M.P. has need of a big bump of irreverence on his arrival at Westminster, Mr. Aneurin Bevan has written:

> The atmosphere of Parliament, its physical arrangements, its procedure, its semi-ecclesiastical ritual are . . . all profoundly intimidating for the products of a board-school system who are the bearers of a fiery message from the great industrial constituencies.
>
> . . . In one sense the House of Commons is the most unrepresentative of representative assemblies. It is an elaborate conspiracy to prevent the real clash of opinion which exists outside from finding an appropriate echo within its walls. It is a social shock-absorber placed between privilege and the pressure of popular discontent.

Anyone inclined to cavil at these prickly generalisations will be surprised to find them largely—though unconsciously—confirmed by Earl Winterton in these Parliamentary reminiscences. From his venerable niche in Another Place, the ex-Father of the House has cast an emollient eye over the last fifty years of the House of Commons. His viewpoint is independent but commonplace, his judgment of men and affairs that of one long expert in the small change of procedural sub-committees and the closing prices of reputation. He is the Establishment, the elaborate conspiracy personified, both at its best and at its worst. And because of this, his book is an invaluable piece of British political climatology.

There are no tit-bits, no revelations to bribe our appetite. The Noble Lord takes a blank firm stand on his Privy Councillor's oath and the Official Secrets Act. Describing how the cup of power was dashed from Lord Curzon's lips in 1923 he tells us weightily that:

> At the risk of causing pain and offence to some, I am obliged to state certain facts that were known to me and others moving at the time in the inner circle of the political world . . .

and goes on to give a rambling account of a situation that was analysed in all its classic and humiliating detail by Sir Harold Nicolson in a book published almost twenty years ago. Apart from these digressions into the well-known, *Orders of the Day* is little more than an account of Parliament, session by session, from 1904 to the author's retirement from the House in 1951, with *Punch* and *Hansard* eking out his own memory of events and repartee.

Nevertheless, this book throws valuable light on a number of historical side-issues. Earl Winterton explains why the young Tories of his youth worshipped Joe Chamberlain, why Balfour in office depressed his followers as much as he stimulated them in opposition. He is good on Parliament's abhorrence of literary reputations, telling us where Belloc failed so disastrously as an M.P. and why Birrell was so generally disliked. He re-creates the old fighting quadrumvirate—Lloyd George, Churchill, Birkenhead and Austen Chamberlain—on the eve of the Carlton Club meeting. He describes Sir Winston Churchill in double-fronted opposition during the Thirties—alternately leading an enlightened cavalry charge against the Government's defence and foreign policy and captaining the Old Guard stand against Indian self-government.

Earl Winterton's England is still the Baldwin-Kipling Gramarye of fumed Oak, Ash and Thorn—the England that believed that the bitterness caused by unemployment and the Trades Disputes Act could be somehow assuaged by the National Trust, the British Legion, the novels of Mary Webb, and the belief that—

> The common sacrifice of the war and the common heritage of the lovely English, Scottish and Welsh countryside, of Shakespeare and all the other poets, writers and painters of these islands and the immense achievements of Britain at home and overseas bound us all together . . .

Sometimes, as when he denounces the works of Lytton Strachey for "helping to undermine national self-confidence," he is quaint and absurd. At other times—where, for instance, he speaks of being "nobbled" by Benes on the Sudetenland, or talks of the "usual trouble in the coalfields" as though the unrest provoked by conditions in that industry between the wars was a kind of seasonal Act of God—he is insufferable. He has his own crotchety, quixotic sense of fairness, yet it too often deserts him when he leaves the Chamber.

Earl Winterton's most solid achievement as an M.P. came during the late war when he led the mixed platoon of Churchill's critics from the Opposition Front Bench. He tells us his reasons for doing so:

> . . . Parliament ought not to be considered a negligible factor in war-time . . . There is clearly need for critical comment at times, alike upon the course of events and the Government's reaction to them. A Government as powerful as the National Government has particular need for such comments and it is in the nation's interest that it should receive them.

Holding this view firmly, Earl Winterton, as a good democrat, attacked the Prime Minister right, left and centre—on manpower, agriculture, secret sessions—often as fiercely as Mr. Bevan himself. Mr. Bevan would probably say that this was the "elaborate conspiracy" at its wiliest and deepest. Earl Winterton who, as this book shows, is the most subjective of men, would hotly deny that anything like an Establishment or an elaborate conspiracy exists. They do exist, of course, as Bagehot and George Orwell and the late Professor Laski all knew. But as Bagehot in his wisdom and Orwell in his intuition knew (and as Laski knew but in his doctrinaire fervour could never quite bring himself to admit) the British political conspiracy is more ramifying than one suspects. In moments of crisis or danger, it can include our whole society. And that is why, with all its drawbacks and all its hypocrisies, it is beneficent.

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III BERKELEY AND THE EXTERNAL WORLD. J. A. Brunton, M.A.
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Eclectic novel-readers will note the reappearance of Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender is the Night* (Grey Walls, 12s. 6d.), Laurens van der Post's first novel, *In a Province*, originally published in 1934 (Hogarth, 9s. 6d.), and the first volume in the new Collected Edition of Louis Golding, *The Camberwell Beauty* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). Connoisseurs of period macabre will note that the book "has been said to be a novel about Aleister Crowley."

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,232

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Typing pupils are made to tap out "the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" at an early stage of their training: (the sentence contains all the letters of the alphabet). Apparently the equivalent French sentence is "*Zoe ma grande fille veut que je boive ce whisky dont je ne veut pas.*" The usual prizes are offered for a bilingual poem composed by a typist inspired (or confused) by these two themes. Limit, 16 lines. Entries by October 13.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,229

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for a holiday anecdote which (little as he grasps it) reflects unfavourably on the teller.

Report by J. B. Roderic

A depressing entry—mainly, I conclude, because most people took the competition as an opportunity for being superior and showing up the weakness of others in fields in which one suspects they considered themselves to be strong. So the philistine was exposed, but not the culture snob; the unctuous dog-collar man ("Half way through *Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll*, I could see tears in their eyes; with characteristic English shyness at exhibiting emotion in public, the little band gradually melted away in ones and twos until I was left in the gathering dusk addressing the breakers alone"), but not the selfish gourmet. In the end I chose two which at least established a fairly credible character instead of the stock dummies through which competitors' prejudices tended to speak. Two guineas to Goodwill; one guinea to Edward Blishen. The rest of the prize money will be saved up for a week in which there is a particularly good entry.

I got Mantalini the violinist, and the champion tunny fisherman, and the winner of the Miss Shellfish heat. And then Gladys started talking about a famous poet called Stillingfleet Stilwell, who's descended from Earls and Lords and lives in a big house outside Calderbay. So I said Let's go, so we set off. Well, we came to some iron gates and Gladys said she'd wait, so I walked up an avenue and saw a fattish man sitting under a big umbrella on a lawn. I went up to him and said, Excuse me, can I have your autograph and any little thought you may care to add, like I always do. He looked a bit surprised, as if he'd been asleep, but he scribbled something and handed me the book, and I found he'd put: For a Person from Porlock Stillingfleet Stilwell. I'm sorry you think I'm a *person*, I said, and I happen to come from Birmingham. So he took the book again and crossed out Person and Porlock and wrote Lady and Birmingham, and I said Thanks a lot, and came away. It just shows if you want autographs you've only got to ask for them, but if you don't ask you don't get anywhere.

GOODWILL

Of course Miriam and I would have gone abroad if only the cash had stretched that far. Instead—well, Margate. Still, we thought, we'd have some fun. Not the stupid fun of the usual Margate people, of course, but the fun of laughing at the usual Margate people. We'd be a bit—well, you know: Graham Greeney. And our landlady simply fell into our laps. Oh, my dear, such comical ignorance! I must tell you some time what she said when we asked where we could buy a NEW STATESMAN. Anyway, on the walls were the usual dreary pictures. Quite the worst was a simply abominable painting of a field. We had bets on which of the landlady's husbands (she had had three!) was responsible. There was an illiterate scrawl in the corner: Vincent! I'm *certain* Vincent was Husband No. 2. Well, there was no glass on the picture—so guess what we did! Oh, it *was* funny! We added "Munnings." Vincent Munnings! . . . Not that I suppose she ever noticed. Couldn't tell a Vermeer from a Van Gogh to save her life. . . .

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Problems of Cookery

No. 209

A more fitting title may be "Cookery of Problems." Indeed, ever since our solvers have earned international renown on the (cook)-hunting field with world-famous authors such as Korolkov and Wotava as their quarry; and ever since Heuäcker (another famous victim) gave them the accolade of *Kraftlöser* I have been wondering about the derivation of that queer term which has been common usage of the chess fraternity for nearly a century. I have found a (partial) answer in an article written by Emanuel Lasker nearly fifty years ago and quoting this epigram by John Augustus Miles:

Like new-laid eggs chess problems are,
Though very good they may be beaten;
And yet, though like, they're different far,
They may be cooked, but never eaten.

Lasker thought the term derived from Eugene B. Cook who was the *doyen* of American problemists in the mid-19th century when Sam Loyd was still a boy. Not as if Cook's own problems were liable to be spoiled by "cooks"; but he did have a knack of spotting them in the works submitted for his scrutiny by his contemporaries. Another theory refers to Kling who used to come to Horwitz with the remark: "I have brought another of my raw ideas." To which the senior partner of that illustrious team would invariably answer: "Very well, I'll cook your raw idea for you."

Here is a 2-mover by Sam Loyd which we may well consider cooked by Q-K6 followed by 0-0-0, though Loyd certainly didn't. His (much neater) key is K-B2; as for the other line he was well aware of it, but he considered it a "temptation" rather than a dual. He would not

accept 0-0-0 as a move properly admissible in a problem. Even so and more than half a century later (1947), K. Schmeisser was inspired by Loyd's "dual" to compose this 2-mover, with Q-K6 as the proper key and mate by 0-0-0 as one of four pretty variations. To find the other three should be none too difficult, even for beginners.

A: Zuralev 1952

The 4-pointer is a game position which should be quite instructive for beginners. With Black's KB3 as adequately guarded as it is, how did White contrive to bring about a mate in 3? Both **B** and **C** are wins for White and they should not be too difficult for 6 and 7 points if I add the helpful hint that what they have in common is the basic idea of thwarting Black's attempt to get away with a draw.

B: B. Salkind 1913

C: Henri Rinck 1915

Usual prizes. Entries by October 12.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 12

A: (1) B-Q7, P-R7; (2) B-B6 ch, K-Kt8; (3) B-R1, K x B; (4) K-B2!
If (2) . . . Kt-B6 ch; (3) K-K2, etc.
B: *Key*: Q-KKt3.
C: (1) B-R7, P-B5; (2) Kt-Kt6!, K-K6; (3) Q-Q3 mate.
If (1) . . . K-K5; (2) Q-HKt3, etc.

Many competitors—and not the problem-addicts only—seemed to enjoy Loyd. Well over a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by G. Dickson, A. J. Head, T. Mitchell, T. A. Phillips (aged 15), C. W. Roberts.

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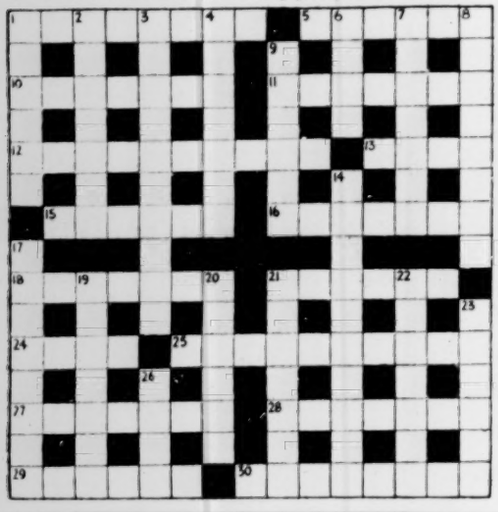
Week-end Crossword No. 68

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 68, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 13th Oct.



ACROSS

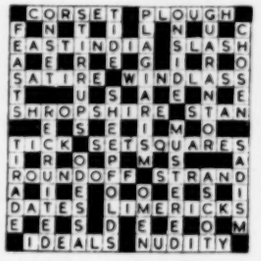
1. Dismiss when there is a job to follow; this may cause an explosion (8).
5. American standard of values in Scotland (6).
10. Switch a speaker's beginning and end and get cut off (7).
11. Childhood of one's imagination (7).
12. Ship which makes friendly overtures? (10).
13. Oppressive part of the body (4).
15. Following, like a bird (6).
16. Watery times of the year (7).
18. Eve of Greece (7).
21. Experts in the field (6).
24. Creatures who were pipe addicts (4).
25. Eight ducks, then? (10).
27. Unlike Lucy's ways (7).
28. Steals the child while it is asleep? (7).
29. Counterfeiting soccer chief (6).
30. Capital of the vegetable kingdom (8).

DOWN

1. Barrel for the tree family (6).
2. They take impressions or wipe them out (7).
3. Women later transformed into fruit (10).
4. Shavian alias or the scene of a murder (7).
6. The king needs a pound for unrationed meat (4).
7. A lamp which may be magic (7).
8. Garbled story about Mohammed's son-in-law and a supporter of the throne (8).
9. Various birds (6).
14. Pages for the fire (10).
17. After the mimic put it on if providing a drink (8).
19. Arrangement for broadcasting tennis? (7).
20. The short answer about the capital (6).
21. He makes a threatening move and makes sure it is right (7).
22. Chatter about the alumnus; this provides proof of genuineness (7).
23. Unappetizing dishes? (6).
26. Port where thieves may be expected? (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 66



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 66

Dorothy Northedge (Hull), Mrs. B. Brooman (Bristol, 2), E. W. Beal (London, S.W. 7).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Advisory Officer for Handicrafts and Technical Subjects. Applications are invited for post of Advisory Officer in Handicrafts and Technical Subjects: Soulbury Scale (Inspectors and Organisers) Grade II £850 × £25—£1,050. This officer will be required to advise on the teaching of woodwork and metalwork in schools and evening institutes. There is an increasing bias towards engineering and well-equipped workshops are being provided. In addition, he will be asked to advise on certain complementary aspects of technical education. The post would be attractive to well-qualified men considering administrative or advisory work in either schools or further education. Applications (no forms) with the names of three referees and two testimonials to be sent by October 12, 1953, to the Director of Education, County Education Office, Grey Friars, Leicester.

HERTFORDSHIRE Rural Music School. Director required. Duties include Administration, Conducting, Teaching. Unusual scope for musical initiative. Salary £500/£650 p.a. according to qualifications. Written applications with full particulars and S.A.E. by October 19 to Secretary, H.R.M.S., 109 Bancroft, Hitchin.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham.—Research Assistant for medical statistics department to assist in demographic and biometrical research; graduate, or experience in statistics desirable; typing an advantage. Appointment in the first instance for one year, salary within range £400-£500. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to: Department of Medical Statistics, Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham, 15. C. G. Burton, Sec.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the Registrar. Preference will be given to women graduates with secretarial training. Salary scale £350-£475 p.a.; initial salary dependent on qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent as soon as possible.

B.B.C. requires Studio Assistant in Cardiff. Candidates must have good education, definite interest in music and drama, manual dexterity and ability to act quickly and accurately on instruction. Some experience of studio and microphone technique and ability to read music and follow a score would be advantages. A thorough knowledge of the Welsh language is essential. Starting salary £360 for trial period of 6 months with prospects of promotion when fully qualified to £415, rising by 5 annual increments to £575 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "120 N.Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped add. env.

MANAGER or manageress wanted to take full responsibility for domestic side of Otterburn Hall, a holiday and conference estate, accommodation 120. Preferably to start mid-October. Some experience of hotel management and staff control essential. Cottage available if required. Please send full details when applying. Apply Secretary, Otterburn Hall, Otterburn, Northumberland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Boarding Special Schools. Headships and domestic bursars. Palingswick House, at present at 241 King Street, Hammersmith, W.6, but may remove to premises outside London in the future; boarding school for 63 E.S.N. girls of secondary age. Vacancies now for Headmistress Burnham Group 11(S). Head's allowance £100 plus S.S. addition and London allowance, and free board, lodging and laundry in return for duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Domestic bursar. Experience of institutional management and up-to-date methods in child care desirable. Inclusive scale £444 × £18—£480 × £24 to £504 plus allowance of £24 while working with E.S.N. children, less payment for board, lodging and laundry at present equivalent to £94 in full year. Persons selected will be appointed jointly, but independent applications are invited. Pine End School, Reigate Heath, Surrey, a new boarding school for 32 maladjusted children (girls aged 5-16, boys 5-11) expected to open for partial occupation in January, 1954. Vacancies for:—Headmaster or headmistress, Burnham Group 11(S). Head's allowance £110 (Man), £100 (Woman) plus S.S. addition, and free board, lodging and laundry in return for duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Domestic bursar. Qualifications and salary, etc., as for Palingswick House; allowance of £24 also payable while working with maladjusted children. Persons selected will be appointed jointly, and may be husband as headmaster with wife as domestic bursar. Independent applications are invited. Further particulars and application forms from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. Persons who have recently completed applications for similar posts in boarding special schools may apply by letter. Closing date October 10. (1033)

LONDON County Council. Headships. Applications invited for following posts: Haverstock Secondary School, Chalk Farm, N.W.3, providing a variety of general, technical and commercial courses, including courses leading to the General Certificate of Education and beyond, for 1,300 boys and girls. Headmaster or headmistress required as soon as possible; a person with considerable organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in the comprehensive school is looked for. Burnham Group XVI based on unit total of 1,707 for 1953. William Penn Secondary (B) School, Alpha Street, S.E.15 and also at Adys Road, S.E.15. Headmaster required May, 1954. Age range 11-16+; general, technical and commercial courses, also courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary level). Burnham Group XIV based on unit total of 1,306 for 1952. Apply on form EO/TS10 Sec. (Form EO/TS10B for candidates who have completed this form since December, 1951, and have nothing to add) obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. (Please give name of school.) Closing date October 10. (1033)

SECRETARY with some Legal experience and good speeds required by small firm Lincoln's Inn Solicitors. (Conveyancing and Litigation.) Opportunities for responsibility for person prepared to take interest in work. Good conditions and holidays. Write Box No. 1894 c/o Whites Ltd., 72/78 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist correspondent, intelligent, able work own initiative, used to being in charge, age 25-35. Closed Jewish holidays. Write re experience and salary required: Convex (Mfrs. drawing instruments and engs.), 41 Brecknock Road, off Camden Road, N.7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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NR. Hampstead Heath, pleas. fur. b/sit. rm. in priv. flat, own tel., cen. htg., use bath-rm., gdn. 50s. p.w. Box 2341.

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Comment on crime

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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ARTS, TEM. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. Maugham's comedy, "Penelope." "A real winner." News Chronicle. Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30, Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

FOREIGN Plays Festival. Sunday, Oct. 25. Victor Rietti. Robert Rietti. Pirandello's "Giacomino." Mems. Bookings GLA. 2692.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun., 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper," a topical Revue produced by Bryan Blackburn. Lic. till midnt. Mems. 5s.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Oct. 4: "Edouard et Caroline" (A). From Oct. 5: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (A); "Partie de Campagne" (A); "Night Mail" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 4, 7.30. "Der Frohliche Weinberg" (A).

PULLMAN Cinema. Opp. Herne Hill Sta. Bri. 3153. Last 2 days—Back Street (A), Sun. & wk. 7 Deadly Sins (X) Last prog. 8.5.

LONDON Scientific Film Society. Season commences October 15. 6 monthly shows at Royal Empire Society Hall. Subs. 15s. single, 25s. married couples. Details from L.S.F.S., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

ART Films. International Art Film Show, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Monday, Oct. 5, 8 p.m. Admission 1s.

FILMSHOW: "Kingdom of the Waters." Beautifully coloured Hungarian Nature-Film will be shown at Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq. W.2. Sat., Oct. 3, 8.30.

BARNET Film Society. Wed., Oct. 14. "Sylvie et le Fantôme." (BARnet 4888.)

LONDON Jewish Society: Music Evening, Monday, October 5, 7.45 for 8 p.m. Record Recital and Competition (with prizes); Orchestral and Operatic; followed by dancing; at Mostyn Hotel, Portman Street (corner of Bryanston St.), nr. Marble Arch. All welcome (non-members 2s. 6d.).

WORLD Dances at the International Dance Festival, Royal Albert Hall—October 16 and 17, at 7.30 p.m. 400 Dancers and Musicians from 25 Lands. Seats 15s., 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. Bookable now from: United Nations Student Association, 25 Charles St., London, W.1. Tel.: GROsvenor 2784.

"HEIMATKLÄNGE," London's Greatest German Social with Dance—Wed., Oct. 14, 7-11 p.m., Porchester Hall, Queensway, W.2. Guest Tickets at door: 5s. 6d.

"CONTINENTAL Dance" every Wed., 7.15. Isy Geiger's Viennese Band: Cavendish Ballrooms, 38 High Rd., N.W.10. 2 mins. from Willesden Green Tube Stn.

POETRY Evening, Moreland Hall (nr. Everyman, Hampstead), Sat., October 10 at 8 p.m. Readers: Thomas Blackburn, Patrick Galvin, James Kirkup, Ewart Milne, Jon Silkin, Gordon Wharton.

OPERA Circle. New series begins Sun., Oct. 25, at 4 St. James Sq., S.W.1, 8 p.m. Verdi, Luisa Miller intro. by James Robertson with members Sadlers Wells cast. Ann. sub. £1 11s. 6d. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

CONCERTS

SERIES of Chamber Concerts. The Queen Mary Hall presents London International Trio on Wed., Oct. 7, at 7.30. Trios by Haydn, Beethoven, Bloch, Martinu. Res. Seats 4s., 2s. 6d. & Progs. from Box. Off., Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

A CONCERT of Peoples' Music and Verse from Britain and the British Empire "With Song and Dance." Featuring André Van Gyseghem: Hosna Dora: A. L. Lloyd: Ewan MacColl; Fitzroy Coleman; Pipe-Major Robertson, O.B.E., and Folk Dancers from India: West Indies, Africa and British Isles. Shoreditch Town Hall, Old St., E.C.1. Sat., October 10, 7.30. Tickets at door, 2s.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9, 8 p.m. A.G.M.C. presents 1st of 4 concerts of modern German Chamber Music.—Arts Council, 4 St. James Square, S.W.1. Works by Hessenberg, Stephan, Blacher, Egk. Sebastian Quartet, Kyla Greenbaum—piano, Norman Tattersall—baritone. Tickets 3s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Zyw. Portraits and Italy by Peter Told Mitchell. Opening Tuesday Oct. 6 at 3 o'clock.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Josef Herman.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Exhibition of Etchings, Engravings and Drawings. From Oct. 5 to Oct. 31.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

RENOIR. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open until Oct. 25. Mon.-Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

WOOD Engraving. The Society of Wood Engravers in association with The Times Bookshop. "The Art of the Wood Engraver"—an Exhibition of illustrated books and prints. Until Oct. 14, 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. (Sats. 9-1 p.m.), at The Times Bookshop, Wigmore St., W.1. Catalogue and admission free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square. German Expressionists. Daily 11-6, including Saturdays.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W.1. Exhibition of Gothic and Early Renaissance Paintings. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

NEW China Exhibition of Books & Periodicals. English translations and Classics. Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Until October 28. Daily 11-7, Sundays 2-5. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Drawings by Constantin Guys, Pissarro, Pascin. 10-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m.

BEN Uri Gallery 14 Portman St., W.1. Drawings by Blond. Mon.-Fri., 10-5, Sun. 2-5. Until October 17.

TATE Gallery. Paintings by Matthew Smith. A Retrospective Exhibition. Open until October 18. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Parallel of Life and Art Indications of a new visual order. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Ending Oct. 17.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by Hugh Mackinnon. Sculpture by Anton. Closing Oct. 3. From Oct. 6: Recent work by George Fairley.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Abstract Art of Early Cultures. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté Roses & New Picasso Lithographs, 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Sickert. Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture by Halina Korn.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. John Martin 1789-1854 Paintings and Drawings. Daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays.

MODERN Swiss Prints and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Until Oct. 17. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 6: O. R. McGregor (London School of Economics), "Can the Family Survive?" Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Oct. 9: Dr. Franklin Blacknell, "The English Complaint."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 4: Royston Pike, "Jehova's Witnesses: Who they Are and What they Teach." Questions after Lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Stability and Change." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Oct. 4 at 6.30 p.m.

"ECONOMIC Theory of a Planned Economy." Maurice Dobb & Joan Robinson. (1st of 3 talks on Soviet Planning.) Thurs., Oct. 8, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students and S.C.R. 1s.).

"SHAKESPEARE & Chekhov in U.S.S.R." John Fernald. Chair: André Van Gyseghem. Wed., Oct. 7, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students & S.C.R. 1s.).

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 10 at 6 p.m. Ldo. Ortiz de Zárateh Musica Española popular.

THE Hon. A. Akinloye, Nigerian Minister of Agriculture, speaking Sunday, Oct. 4, 4 p.m. W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. "Important Events in Nigeria."

L. G. FRENCH: "East & West Relations." New Generation Group of Hampstead Ethical Soc., Studio Hse., 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Mon., Oct. 5 at 8.

J. F. HORRABIN: Some Memories of People: Gandhi, Wells & others. Hampstead Eth. Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Gn. Sun., Oct. 4. New time 7.15.

"WORLD Understanding & World Organisation"—study-conference at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon (Checkendon 221), Oct. 16-23.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MISS E. M. Jebb, C.B.E., M.A., Principal, Froebel Educational Institute, on "The Significance of Froebel's Ethical Teaching for Education Today." Annual Claude Montefiore Lecture, Tuesday, October 6, at 8.15 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

THREE Lectures on Rudolf Steiner's work for Social Reconstruction at Hampstead Town Hall (Near Belsize Park Station), on Tuesdays, at 7.30 p.m. October 6: "Fundamental Social Problems," by A. Wills. October 13: "The Threefold Commonwealth," by Gordon Jones, O.B.E. October 20: "Economics within a Threefold Social Order," by B. Stockwell, M.A.

GANDHI Birthday Meeting: Fri., Oct. 2, at 8 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Lord Listowel. Programme of Indian songs & music. Adm. free. India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Oct. 7, 7.30. James Callaghan, M.P., on "The Labour Party Conference." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

CO-OPERATION Overseas—Mr. K. K. Apeadu, B.A.(Oxon), "Co-operation in the Gold Coast." Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. October 6, 7.30 p.m. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

THE London Jewish Society. Address by Dr. Basil J. A. Bard (Industrial Manager, National Research Development Corporation of Gt. Britain) on "Science & Technology in Israel." Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leicester Sq., Wed., Oct. 7, 8 p.m. Non-members 2s. 6d. All welcome.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain Public Meeting St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., Oct. 4, 7 p.m. "The Socialist Challenge to the Labour Party." Two speakers. Adm. free. Questions and discussion.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dr. Arthur Charlesby on "How far can a Democratic Society be Scientific?" Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, on Mon., Oct. 5, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

DR. Reginald Le May on "The Culture of South-Eastern Asia" (Illus.). Fri., Oct. 9, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

PHILOSOPHY of Democratic Process—3rd study-conference led by Harold Walsby, Oct. 9-11, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture, Wed., October 7, 6.30 p.m. "Living by Buddhism," Miss F. Stacey. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

"NOVGOROD Discoveries (Sadko's City)," R. E. F. Smith. Fri., Oct. 9, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students and S.C.R. 1s.).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

JAMES Griffiths, M.P., Lord Listowel, Hilary Marquand, M.P., and Eirene White, M.P., speak on colonial and Commonwealth affairs at weekend school October 23/25, at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey. Particulars from Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

"CHALLENGE to the Labour Party." Fabian Autumn Lectures, 1953, with George Woodcock, John Strachey, Roy Jenkins, Michael Stewart, Ian Mikardo, R. H. S. Crossman, commencing Tuesday, October 20, 7.15 p.m., at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

"WHAT Communism Means for Mankind"—Conference and Discussion on Sunday, October 11, to be opened by John Gollan, assistant Editor "Daily Worker," at the St. Pancras Town Hall, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Visitors' tickets 1s. 6d. Apply at door.

YOGA of Self-Knowledge. One-Day Course, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Sat., Oct. 10. Talks on Yoga, Meditation, Mind and the Self: at 1, 2.30, 4, 5.30. Hari Prasad Shastri at 8 on "The Enlightened Mind"; Professor H. H. Price in Chair. Adm. free. Arranged by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Third Conference on Social Psychiatry will be held at the British Medical Association, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, on Friday and Saturday, October 30 and 31, 1953, from 10 a.m. till 12.30 p.m. and 2.30 p.m. till 6 p.m. Full particulars on request from the Secretary, The Institute of Social Psychiatry, 9 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. Tel. Primrose 9091.

HISTORY Study Group Adelphi, Buckingham Street, W.C.2, welcomes new students for 1953-54, Mondays, 6.45 p.m., beginning Oct. 5; Subject: Religious, Social and Political Movements from Elizabeth I to the Present. Widely experienced teacher, Ph.D., lively stimulating discussions. Enquiries: TERminus 5195, 8-10 a.m., or write Adelphi, 2 & 8 Regent Square, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures. Philosophy, Psychology, Music, Scripture, Sociology, Theology. Prospectus from the Registrar, the Newman Association, 31 Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 9958.

SIX Point Group, Oct. 16-18, Ellinswood, Haywards Heath. "Whither Now?" Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, "Women & Housing"; Dr. Doris Odlum, Monica Pearson, "Women in Fleet Street"; Mary Richardson, F. W. Smith, "Financial Rights of Wives." Full, 2gns., part 27s. 6d. Particulars from 26 West End Lane, N.W.6.

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